PHILASTER,

OR

Loue lies a Bleeding.

Acted at the { *Globe,* and *Blackfriers.* } By his Maiesties Seruants.

The Authors being { Francis Beaumont, *and* Iohn Fletcher. } *Gentlemen.*

The third Impreſſion.

LONDON,

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DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE & ART
DYCE
BEQUEST
1869

THE STATIONER,

TO
THE VNDERSTANDING GENTRIE.

His Play so affectionatly taken, and approoued by the Seeing Auditors, or Hearing Spectators, (of which sort, I take, or conceiue you to bee the greatest part) hath receiued (as appeares by the copious vent of two Editions,) no lesse acceptance with improouement of you likewise the Readers, albeit the first Impression swarm'd with Er-

rors, prooving it selfe like pure Gold, which the more it hath beene tried and refined, the better is esteemed; the best Poems of this kind, in the first presentation, resemble that all-tempting Minerall newly digged vp, the Actors being onely the labouring Miners, but you the skilfull Triers and Refiners: Now considering how currant this hath passed, vnder the infallible stampe of your iudicious censure, and applause, and (like a gainefull Office in this Age) eagerly sought for, not onely by those that haue heard & seene it, but by others that haue meerely heard thereof: here you behold me acting the Merchant-aduenturers part, yet as well for their satisfaction, as mine owne benefit, and if my hopes (which I hope, shall neuer lye like this Loue a Bleeding,) doe fairely arriue at their intended Hauen, I shall then be ready to lade a new Bottome, and set foorth againe, to gaine the good-will both of you and them. To whom respectiuely I conuey this hearty greeting: Adieu.

The

The Scene being in *Cicilie*.

The persons presented are these, viz:

THe *King*.
PHILASTER, heire to the Crowne.
PHARAMOND, Prince of Spaine.
DION, a Lord.
CLEREMONT, } Noble Gentlemen his Associates.
THRASALINE, }
ARETHVSA, the Kings daughter.
GALLATEA, a wise Modest Lady attending the Princesse.
MEGRA, a Lasciuious Lady.
An old Wanton Lady, or Croane.
Another Lady attending the Princesse.
EVPHRASIA, Daughter of *Dion*, but disguised like a Page, and called *Bellario*.
An old Captaine.
Fiue Citizens:
A Countrey fellow.
Two Woodmen.
The Kings Guard and Traine.

PHILASTER,

OR

LOVE lies a BLEEDING.

Actus I. *Scœna* I.

Enter *Dion, Clerement* and *Trasiline.*

Clerement.

Ere's nor Lords, nor Ladyes.

Dion. Credit mee Gentlemen I wonder at it. They receiu'd strict charge from the King, to attend here: Besides, it was boldly published, that no Officer should forbid any Gentlemen, that desired to attend, and heare.

Cle. Can you ghesse the cause?

Di. Sir, it is plaine about the Spanish Prince, that's come to marry our Kingdomes Heire, and be our Soueraigne.

Tra. Many (that will seeme to know much) say, she lookes not on him like a maide in loue.

Di. Faith sir, the multitude (that seldome know any thing, but their owne opinions) speake that, they would haue. But the Prince, before his owne approach, receiu'd so many confident messages from the State, that I thinke she's resolu'd to be rul'd.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her hee shall enioy both these Kingdomes of *Cicilie*, and *Calabria.*

Dion.

Dion. Sir, it is (without controuerſie) ſo meant. But 'twill be a troubleſome labour, for him to enioy both theſe Kingdomes, with ſafetie, the right Heire to one of them liuing, and liuing ſo vertuouſly: eſpecially, the people admiring the brauery of his minde, and lamenting his iniuries.

Cle. Who, *Philaſter*?

Di. Yes, whoſe father, we all know, was by our late King of *Calabria*, vnrighteouſly depoſed from his fruitful *Cicilia*. My ſelfe drew ſome blood, in thoſe warres, which I would giue my hand, to be waſhed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in State policie, will not let mee know, why (*Philaſter* being Heire to one of theſe Kingdomes) the King ſhould ſuffer him to walke abroad with ſuch free libertie.

Di. Sir, it ſeemes your nature is more conſtant, then to enquire after State newes. But the King (of late) made a hazard of both the Kingdomes, of *Cicilie* and his owne, with offering but to impriſon *Philaſter*. At which the Citie was in Armes, not to be charm'd downe by any State order or Proclamation, till they ſaw *Philaſter* ride through the ſtreetes pleaſde, and without a guard; at which they threw their Hats, and their Armes from them; ſome to make bonfires, ſome to drinke, all for his deliuerance. Which (wiſe men ſay) is the cauſe, the King labours to bring in the power of a foraigne Nation, to awe his owne with.

Enter *Galatea*, *Megra*, and a *Lady*.

Tra. See, the Ladyes, what's the firſt?

Dio. A wiſe & modeſt Gentlewoman, that attends the Princeſſe.

Cle. The ſecond?

Dio. She is one that may ſtand ſtill diſcreetely enough, and ilfauour'dly Dance her Meaſure; ſimper when ſhee is Courted by her Friend, and ſlight her Husband.

Cle. The laſt?

Di. Faith, I think ſhe is one whom the State keepes for the Agents of our confederate Princes: She'll cog, & lie with a whole Army, before the league ſhall breake: her name is common through the Kingdome, and the Trophies of her diſhonour, aduanc'd beyond *Hercules* pillars. She loues to try the ſeuerall conſtitutions of mens bodies; and indeed, has deſtroyed the worth of her owne body, by making experiment vpon it, for the good of the Common-wealth.

Cle.

Cle. She's a profitable member.

La. Peace, if you loue me: you shall see these Gentlemen stand their ground, and not Court vs.

Gal. What if they should?

Meg. What if they should?

La. Nay, let her alone; what if they should? Why, if they should, I say, they were neuer abroad; what Forraigne would doe so? it writes them directly vntrauell'd.

Gal. Why, what if they be?

Meg. What if they be?

La. Good Madam let her goe on; what if they be? Why if they be, I will iustifie, they cannot mainetaine discourse with a indicious Lady, nor make a Leg, nor say excuse me.

Gal. Ha, ha, ha.

La. Doe you laugh Madam?

Di. Your desires vpon you, Ladyes:

La. Then you must sit beside vs.

Di. I shall sit neere you then Lady.

La. Neere me perhaps: But there's a Lady endures no stranger, and to me you appeare a very strange fellow.

Meg. Me thinkes he's not so strange, hee would quickly bee acquainted.

Tra. Peace, the King.

Enter *King, Pharamond, Arethusa,* and traine.

King. To giue a stronger testemony of loue,
Then sickly promises (which commonly
In Princes finde both birth and buriall.)
In one breath, we haue drawne you worthy sir,
To make your faire indearements to our Daughter;
And worthy seruices knowne to your subiects:
Now lou'd and wonderd at. Next, our intent,
To plant you deepely, our immediate Heire,
Both to our Blood and Kingdomes. For this Lady,
(The best part of your life, as you confirme me,
And I beleeue) though her few yeeres, and sex
Yet teach her nothing but her feares and blushes,
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge,
Onely of what her selfe, is to her selfe,

Make her feele moderate health: And when ſhe ſleepes,
In making no ill day, knowes no ill dreames.
Thinke not (deare ſir) theſe vndiuided parts,
That muſt mould vp a Virgin, are put on
To ſhew her ſo, as borrowed ornaments,
To ſpeake her perfect loue to you, or adde
An Artificiall ſhadow to her nature:
No ſir, I boldly dare proclaime her, yet
No Woman. But wooe her ſtil, and thinke her modeſty,
A ſweeter miſtreſſe then the offer'd Language
Of any Dame, were ſhee a Queene, whoſe eye
Speakes common loues and comforts to her ſeruants.
Laſt, noble ſonne, (for ſo I now muſt call you)
What I haue done thus publike, is not onely
To adde a comfort in particular,
To you or me, but all; and to confirme
The Nobles, and the Gentry of theſe Kingdomes,
By oath to your ſucceſsion, which ſhall be
Within this moneth at moſt.

Tra. This will be hardly done.

Cle. It muſt be ill done, if it be done.

Di. When tis at beſt, twill be but halfe done,
Whilſt ſo braue a Gentleman is wrong'd and flung off.

Tra. I feare.

Cle. Who does not?

Di. I feare not for my ſelfe, and yet I feare too:
Well, we ſhall ſee, we ſhall ſee: no more.

Pha. Kiſsing your white hand (miſtreſſe) I take leaue,
To thanke your royall father: And thus farre,
To be my owne free Trumpet. Vnderſtand
Great King, and theſe your ſubiects, mine that muſt be,
(For ſo deſeruing you haue ſpoke me, ſir,
And ſo deſeruing I dare ſpeake my ſelfe)
To what a perſon, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
Manners and vertues, you would wed your Kingdomes;
You in me haue your wiſhes. Oh this Countrey,
(By more then all the gods) I hold it happy;

Happy, in their deare memories, that haue beene
Kings great and good; happy in yours, that is,
And from you(as a Chronicle to keepe
Your noble name from eating age) doe I,
Open my selfe most happy. Gentlemen,
Beleeue me in a word, a Princes word,
There shall be nothing to make vp a Kingdome
Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
Equall to be commanded, and obey'd;
But through the trauels of my life I'le finde it,
And tye it to this Countrey. By all the gods,
My reigne shall be so easie to the subiect,
That euery man shall be his Prince himselfe,
And his owne law: yet I his Prince and law.
And dearest Lady, to your dearest selfe,
(Deare, in the choise of him, whose name and lustre
Must make you more and mightier) Let me say,
You are the blessed'st liuing; for, sweet Princesse,
You shall enioy a man of men, to be
Your seruant; you shall make him yours, for whom
Great Queenes must die.

Tra. Miraculous.

Cle. This speech calls him *Spaniard*, being nothing but a large inuentory of his owne commendations

Enter *Philaster*.

Di. I wonder what's his price? For certainely he'le sell himselfe he has so praisde his shape: But heere comes one, more worthy those large speeches, then the large speaker of them: let me be swallowed quicke, if I can finde, in all the Anatomy of yon mans vertues, one sinnew sound enough to promise for him, he shall be Constable. By this Sunne, he'l ne re make King, valesse it be of trifles, in my poore iudgement.

Phi. Right noble sir, as low as my obedience,
And with a heart as loyall as my knee;
I beg your fauour.

K. Rise, you haue it sir.

Di. Marke but the King how pale he lookes, he feares,
Oh, this same whoreson Conscience, how it iades vs:
K. Speake your intents sir.
Phi. Shall I speake vm freely?
Be still my royall Soueraigne.
K. As a subiect,
We giue you freedome.
Di. Now it heates.
Phi. Then thus I turne
My language to you Prince, you forraigne man:
Ne're stare, nor put on wonder, for you must
Indure me, and you shall. This earth you tread vpon,
(A dowry as you hope with this faire Princesse,
Whose memory I bow to) was not left
By my dead father (Oh, I had a father)
To your inheritance, and I vp, and living,
Hauing my selfe about me, and my sword,
The soules of all my name, and memories;
These armes, and some few friends, beside the gods,
To part so calmely with it, and be thin,
And say I might haue beene. I tell thee *Pharamond*,
When thou art King, looke I be dead and rotten,
And my bones ashes, as I: For, heare me *Pharamond*,
This very ground thou goest on: this fat earth,
My fathers friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow
Thee and thy Nation, like a hungry Graue,
Into her hidden bowells: Prince, it shall;
By the iust Gods it shall.
Pha. He's mad, beyond cure, mad.
Di. Here's a fellow has some fire in's yames.
The outlandish Prince lookes like a tooth-drawer.
Phi. Sir Prince of Poppiniayes, I'le make it well appeare
To you, I am not mad.
K. You displease vs,
You are to bold.
Phi. No sir, I am too tame,

Too much a Turtle, a thing borne without passion,
A faint shadow, that every drunken clow'd sailes ouer,
And makes nothing.
K. I doe not fancie this,
Call our Physitions? sure he's somewhat tainted:
Tra. I doe not thinke twill proone so.
Di. Has giuen him a generall purge already, for all the right hee has, and now he meanes to let him blood: Be constant Gentlemen, by Heauen I'le runne his hazard, although I runne my name out of the Kingdome.
Cle. Peace, we are all one soule.
Pha. What you haue seene in me; to stirre offence,
I cannot finde, vnlesse it be this Lady,
Offer'd into my armes, with the succession,
Which I must keepe: though it hath pleasd your fury
To mutiny within you; without disputing
Your *Genealogies*, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are. The King will leaue it me,
And I dare make it mine; you haue your answer.
Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him,
That made the world his; and couldst see no sunne
Shine vpon any thing but thine: were *Pharamond*
As truely valiant, as I feele him cold,
And ringd amongst the choycest of his friends,
Such as would blush to talke such serious follies,
Or backe such bellied commendations,
And from this presence: Spight of all these bugs,
You should heare further from me.
K. Sir, you wrong the Prince:
I gaue you not this freedome, to braue our best friends;
You deserue our frowne: Goe to, be better temper'd.
Phi. It must be sir, when I am nobler vsde.
Gal. Ladyes,
This would haue beene a patterne of succession,
Had he ne're met this mischiefe. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man,
This day, within my knowledge.

Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge,
But the other is the man ſet in my eye:
Oh tis a prince of wax.
Gal. A dog it is.
K. Philaſter, tell me,
The iniuries you aime at in your riddles.
Phi. If you had my eyes ſir, and ſufferance,
My griefes vpon you, and my broken fortunes,
My want's great, and now nothing hopes, and feares,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laught at:
Dare you be ſtill my King, and right me not?
K. Giue me your wrongs in priuate. *They whiſper.*
Phi. Take them;
And eaſe me of a load, would bow ſtrong *Atlas.*
Cle. He dares not ſtand the ſhock.
Di. I cannot blame him, there's danger in't. Euery man in this age, has not a ſoule of Chriſtall, for all men to reade their actions through: mens hearts and faces are ſo farre aſunder, that they hold no intelligence. Doe but view yon ſtranger well, and you ſhall ſee a feauer through all his brauery, and feele him ſhake like a true tenant; if he giue not back his Crowne againe, vpon the report of an Elder Gun, I haue no augury.
K. Goe to:
Be more your ſelfe, as you reſpect our fauour;
You'l ſtirre vs elſe; Sir, I muſt haue you know,
That y'are, and ſhall be at our pleaſure, what faſhion we
Will put vpon you: ſmooth your brow, or by the gods.
Phi. I am dead ſir, y'are my Fate: It was not I
Said I was wrong'd: I carry all about me,
My weake ſtarres leade me too; all my weake fortunes.
Who dares in all this preſence ſpeake (that is
But man of Fleſh, and may be mortall) tell me
I doe not moſt intirely loue this Prince,
And honour his full vertues.
K. Sure hee's poſſeſt.!
Phi. Yes, with my fathers ſpirit: It's here, O King,
A dangerous ſpirit: now he tells me King,

I was a Kings Heire, bids me be a King,
And whispers to me, these are all my subiects:
Tis strange, he will not let me sleepe, but diues
Into my fancy, and there giues me shapes,
That kneele, and doe me seruice, cry me King:
But I'le suppresse him, he's a factious spirit,
And will vndoe me: noble sir, your hand,
I am your seruant.

K. Away, I doe not like this:
I'le make you tamer, or I'le dispossesse you
Both of life and spirit: for this time
I pardon your wilde speech, without so much
As your imprisonment.

Exit *K. Pha. Are.*

Di. I thanke you sir, you dare not for the people.

Gall. Ladies, what thinke you now of this braue fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand: but eye yon stranger, is he not a fine compleate Gentleman? O these strangers, I doe affect them strangely: They doe the rarest home things, and please the fullest: as I liue, I could loue all the Nation ouer and ouer for his sake.

Gal. Gods comfort your poore head-peece Lady, tis a weake one, and had neede of a night cap. *Exit Ladies.*

Di. See how his fancie labours, has he not spoke
Home, and brauely? what a dangerous traine
Did he giue fire to? How he shooke the King,
Made his soule melt within him, and his blood
Run into whay: it stood vpon his brow,
Like a cold winter dew.

Phi. Gentlemen,
You haue no suite to me? I am no Minion:
You stand (me thinks) like men that would be Courtiers
If you could well be flatter'd at a price,
Not to vndoe your children: y'are all honest:
Goe get you home againe, and make your Countrey
A vertuous Court, to which your great ones may,
In their diseased age retire, and liue reclose.

Cle. How doe you worthy sir?

Phi. Well, very well;
And ſo well, that if the King pleaſe, I finde
I may liue many yeeres.
Di. The King muſt pleaſe,
Whilſt we know what you are, and who you are,
Your wrongs and iniuries: ſhrinke not, worthy ſir,
But ad your father to you: In whoſe name,
Wee'll waken all the gods, and coniure vp
The rods of vengeance, the abuſed people,
Who like to raging torrents ſhall ſwell high,
And ſo begirt the dens of theſe Male-dragons,
That through the ſtrongeſt ſafety, they ſhall beg
For mercy at your ſwords point.
Phi. Friends, no more;
Our eares may be corrupted: Tis an age
We dare not truſt our wills to: doe you loue me?
Tra. Doe we loue Heauen, and Honour?
Phi. My Lord *Dion*, you had
A vertuous Gentlewoman, cald you father,
Is ſhe yet aliue?
Di. Moſt honor'd ſir, ſhe is:
And for the penance but of an idle dreame,
Has vndertooke a tedious Pilgrimage.

Enter a *Lady*.

Phi. Is it to me, or any of theſe Gentlemen you come?
La. To you, braue Lord: the Princeſſe would intreate
Your preſent company.
Phi. The Princeſſe ſend for me? y'are miſtaken.
La. If you be cald *Philaſter*, tis to you.
Phi. Kiſſe her faire hand, and ſay I will attend her.
Di. Doe you know what you doe?
Phi. Yes, goe to ſee a woman.
Cle. But doe you weigh the danger you are in?
Phi. Danger in a ſweete face?
By *Iupiter* I muſt not feare a woman.
Tra. But are you ſure it was the Princeſſe ſent?
It may be ſome foule traine to catch your life.
Phi. I doe not thinke it Gentlemen: ſhe's noble,

Her

Her eye may shoote me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her face may steale my soule out:
There's all the danger in't; but he what may,
Her single name hath arm'd me. *Exit Phil.*

Di. Goe on:
And be as truly happy, as th'art fearelesse:
Come Gentlemen let's make our friends acquainted,
Least the King proue false. *Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Enter Arethusa, *and a Lady.*

Are. Comes he not?

La. Madam?

Are. Will *Philaster* come?

La. Deare Madam, you were wont
To credit me at first.

Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetfull, and my womans strength
Is so orecharg'd, with dangers like to grow,
About my marriage, that these vnder things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea;
How lookt he, when he told thee he would come?

La. Why, well.

Are. And not a little fearefull?

La. Feare Madam? sure he knowes not what it is.

Are. You all are of his Faction, the whole Court
Is bold in praise of him, whilst I
May line neglected: and doe noble things,
As fooles in strife throw gold into the Sea,
Drownd in the Doing; but I know he feares?

La. Feare? Madam (me thought) his lookes had more
Of loue then feare.

Are. Of loue? To whom? To you?
Did you deliuer those plaine words I sent
With such a winning gesture, and quicke looke,
That you haue caught him?

La. Madam, I meane to you.

Are. Of loue to me? Alas, thy ignorance

Lets thee not see the crosses of our births?
Nature, that loues not to be questioned
Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,
And knowes she does well, neuer gaue the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am; If a bowle of blood
Drawne from this arme of mine, would poyson thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of loue to me?

La. Madam, I thinke I heare him.

Are. Bring him in:
You Gods that would not haue your doomes withstood,
Whose holy wisedomes at this time it is,
To make the passions of a feeble maide,
The way vnto your Iustice, I obay.

La. Here is my Lord *Philaster*. *Enter* Phi.

Are. Oh, 'tis well:
Withdraw your selfe.

Phi. Madam, your Messenger
Made me beleeue, you wish'd to speake with me.

Are. Tis true *Philaster*; but the words are such,
I haue to say, and doe so ill beseeme
The mouth of woman, that I wish them sayd,
And yet am loth to speake them. Haue you knowne,
That I haue ought detracted from your worth?
Haue I in person wrong d you? Or haue see
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Vpon your vertues?

Phi. Neuer Madam you.

Are. Why then should you in such a publike place,
Iniure a Princesse, and a Scandall lay
Vpon my fortunes, fam'd to be so great;
Calling a great part of my dowry in question:

Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speake, will be
Foolish: but for your faire and vertuous selfe,
I could affoord my selfe to haue no right
To any thing you wish'd.

Are. *Philaster*, know,

I must enioy these Kingdomes.
Phi. Madam, both?
Are. Both, or I dye: by heauen I die *Philaster*,
If I not calmely may enioy them both.
Phi. I would doe much to saue that noble life:
Yet would be loth to haue posterity
Finde in our stories: that *Philaster* gaue
His right vnto a Scepter, and a Crowne,
To saue a Ladies longing.
Are. Nay then heare:
I must, and will haue them, and more.
Phi. What more?
Are. Or loose that little life the gods prepared,
To trouble this poore peece of earth withall.
Phi. Madam, what more?
Are. Turne then away thy face.
Phi. No.
Are. Doe.
Phi. I cannot indure it: turne away my face?
I neuer yet saw enemy that lookt
So dreadfully, but that I thought my selfe
As great a Basaliske as he; or spake
So horrible, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder vnderneath, as much as his:
Nor beast that I could turne from: shall I then
Beginne to feare sweate sounds? a Ladies voyce,
Whom I doe loue? Say you would haue my life,
Why, I will giue it you; for it is of me,
A thing so loath'd, and vnto you that aske,
Of so poore vse, that I shall make no price,
If you intreate, I will vnmou'dly heare.
Are. Yet for my sake a little bend thy lookes.
Phi. I doe.
Are. Then know I must haue them, and thee.
Phi. And me?
Are. Thy loue: without which, all the Land
Discouered yet, will serue me for no vse,

But to be buried in.

Phi. Ist possible?

Are. With it, it were to little to bestow
On thee: Now, though thy breath doe strike me dead
(Which know it may) I haue vnript my breast.

Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a traine for this contemned life,
Which you may haue for asking: to suspect
Were base, where I deserue no ill; loue you,
By all my hopes I doe, aboue my life:
But how this passion should proceed from you,
So violenly, would amaze a man,
That would be iealous.

Are. Another soule into my body shot,
Could not haue fild me with more strength and spirit,
Then this thy breath: but spend not hasty time,
In seeking how I came thus: tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so: and sure our loue
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
In that the secret iustice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let vs leaue and kisse,
Lest some vnwelcome guest should fall betwixt vs,
And we should part withoute it.

Phi. Twill be ill,
I should abide here long.

Are. Tis true: and worse,
You should come often: How shall we deulse
To hold intelligence? That our true loues,
On any new occasion may agree;
What path is best to tread?

Phi. I haue a Boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seene in the Court. Hunting the Bucke,
I found him, sitting by a fountaines side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And payd the Nymph againe as much in teares;
A Garland lay him by, made by himselfe,

Of many seuerall flowers, bred in the bay,
Stucke in that misticke order, that the rarenesse
Delighted me: but euer when he turned
His tender eyes vpon vm, he would weepe,
As if he meant to make vm grow againe.
Seeing such pretty helpelesse innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story;
He told me, that his Parents gentle dyed,
Leauing him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gaue him rootes; and of the Christall springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the Sunne,
Which still, he thank'd him, yeelded him his light.
Then tooke he vp his Garland, and did shew,
What euery flower, as Countrey people hold,
Did signifie: and how all, ordered thus,
Expreft his griefe: and to my thoughts did reade
The pretiest lecture of his Countrey Art,
That could be wisht: so that, me thought, I could
Haue studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was glad to follow; and haue got
The trustiest, louingst, and the gentlest boy,
That euer maister kept: Him will I send
To waite on you, and beare our hidden loue.

Enter *Lady*.

Are. Tis well, no more.

La. Madam, the Prince is come to doe his seruice.

Are. What will you doe *Philaster* with your selfe?

Phi. Why, that which all the gods haue appointed out for me.

Are. Deare, hide thy selfe:
Bring in the Prince.

Phi. Hide me from *Pharamond*?
When Thunder speakes, which is the voyce of God,
Though I doe reuerence, yet I hide me not;
And shall a stranger Prince haue leaue to brag.
Vnto a forraigne Nation, that he made
Philaster hide himselfe.

Are. He cannot know it.

Phi. Though it should sleepe for euer to the world,

It is a ſimple ſinne to hide my ſelfe,
Which will for euer on my conſcience lie.

Are. Then good *Philaſter* gine him ſcope and way
In what he ſayes: for he is apt to ſpeake,
What you are loath to heare: for my ſake doe.

Phi. I will.

Enter *Pharamond.*

Pha. My Princely Miſtriſſe, as true louers ought,
I come to kiſſe theſe faire hands: and to ſhew
In outward ceremonies, the deare loue
Writ in my heart.

Phi. If I ſhall haue an anſwere no directlier,
I am gone.

Pha. To what would he haue anſwer?

Are. To his claime vnto the Kingdome.

Pha. Sirra, I forbare you before the king.

Phi. Good ſir doe ſo ſtil, I would not talke with you.

Pha. But now the time is fitter, doe but offer
To make mention of right to any kingdome,
Though it be ſcarce habitable.

Phi. Good ſir let me goe.

Pha. And by the gods.

Phi. Peace *Pharamon*: if thou ———

Are. Leaue vs *Philaſter.*

Phi. I haue done.

Pha. You are gone: by heauen I'le fetch you backe.

Phi. You ſhall not need.

Pha. What now.

Phi. Know *Pharamond,*
I loathe to brawle with ſuch a blaſt as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voyce: But if
Thou ſhalt prouoke me further: men ſhall ſay,
Thou wert, and not lament it.

Pha. Doe you ſlight
My greatneſſe ſo? and in the chamber of the Princeſſe?

Phi. It is a place, to which, I muſt confeſſe,
I owe a reuerence: but wer't the Church;
I at the Altar, there's no place ſo ſafe.

Where

Where thou darst iniure me, but I dare kill thee:
And for your greatnesse, know sir, I can graspe
You, and your greatnesse, thus, thus into nothing:
Giue not a word, not a word backe: Farewell. *Exit.* Phi.

Pha. Tis an odd fellow Madam, we must stop
His mouth with some office, when we are married.

Are. You were best make him your controwler.

Pha. I thinke he would discharge it well. But Madam,
I hope our hearts are knit; but yet so slow
The ceremonies of State are, that twill be long
Before our hands be so; If then you please
Being agreed in heart, let vs not wayte
For dreaming forme, but take a little stolne
Delights, and so preuent our ioyes to come:

Are. If you dare speake such thoughts,
I must withdraw in honour. *Exit.* Are.

Pha. The constitution of my Body will neuer hold out till the wedding: I must seeke else-where.

Exit. Pha.

Actus. 2. *Scœna* 1.

Enter *Philaster* and *Bellario.*

Phi. And thou shalt finde her honourable boy:
Full of regard vnto thy tender youth,
For thine owne modesty: and for my sake,
Apter to giue, then thou wilt be to aske,
I, or deserue.

Bell. Sir, you did take me vp when I was nothing:
And onely yet am something, by being yours;
You trusted me vnknowne, and that which you were apt,
To conster, a simple innocence in me,
Perhaps, might haue beene craft: the cunning of a boy
Hardned in lies and theft; yet venter'd you,
To part my miseries and me: For which,
I neuer can expect to serue a Lady,

That

That beares more honour in her breast then you:

Phi. But boy, it will preferre thee: thou art young,
And beareſt a childiſh ouerflowing loue,
To them that clap thy cheekes, and ſpeake thee faire yet;
But when thy iudgement comes to rule thoſe paſsions,
Thou wilt remember beſt thoſe careſull friends,
That plac'd thee in the nobleſt way of life:
She is a Princeſſe I preferre thee to.

Bel. In that ſmall time that I haue ſeene the world,
I neuer knew a man haſty to part
With a ſeruant he thought truſty: I remember,
My father would preferre the boyes he kept,
To greater men then he, but did it not,
Till they were growne too ſawcy for himſelfe.

Phi. Why gentle boy, I finde no fault at all
In thy behauiour.

Bel. Sir, if I haue made
A fault of ignorance, inſtruct my youth:
I ſhall be willing, if not apt to learne,
Age and experience will adorne my minde,
With larger knowledge: And if I haue done
A wilfull fault, thinke me not paſt all hope
For once; what maſter holds ſo ſtrict a hand
Ouer his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To breake my ſtubborneneſſe, if it be ſo,
Rather then turne me off, and I ſhall mend.

Phi. Thy loue doeth plead ſo prettily to ſtay,
That (truſt me) I could weepe to part with thee,
Alas, I doe not turne thee off; thou knoweſt
It is my buſineſſe that doeth call thee hence,
And when thou art with her, thou dwell'ſt with me:
Thinke ſo, and tis ſo: and when time is full,
That thou haſt well diſcharg'd this heauy truſt,
Laid on ſo weake a one; I will againe,
With ioy receiue thee; as I liue, I will:
Nay, weepe not, gentle boy: Tis more then time

Thou

Thou didst attend the Princesse.

Bell. I am gone:
But since I am to part with you my Lord,
And none knowes whether I shall liue to doe
More seruice for you: take this little prayer:
Heauen blesse your loues, your fights, all your designes:
May sicke men, if they haue your wish, be well;
And heauen hate those you curse, though I be one. *Exit.*

Phi. The loue of boyes vnto their Lord, is strange;
I haue read wonders of it, yet this boy,
For my sake (if a man may iudge by lookes,
And speech) would out-doe story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty *Exit* Phi.

Enter *Pharamond.*

Pha. Why should these Ladyes stay so long? They must come this way; I know the Queene imployes vm not, for the reuerend mother sent mee word, they would all bee for the garden. If they should all proue honest now, I were in a faire taking; I was neuer so long without sport in my life, and in my conscience, tis not my fault: Oh, for our countrey Ladyes. Heere's one boulted, I'le hound at her.

Enter *Galatea.*

Gall. Your grace.

Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?

Gall. Not to me sir.

Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quicke; by this sweete hand.

Gall. You'l be forsworne sir, tis but an old gloue. If you will talke at distance, I am for you: but good Prince be not bawdy, nor doe not brag: these two I barre, and then I thinke, I shall haue sence enough, to answer all the waighty *Apothegmes*, your royall blood shall manage.

Pha. Deare Lady, can you loue?

Gall. Deare Prince, how deare? I ne're cost you a Coach yet, nor put you to the deare repentance of a banquet: Heere's no Scarlet Sir, to blush the sinne out, it was giuen for: This wyer mine owne haire couers: and this face has beene so farre from beeing deare to any, that it ne're cost penny painting: And for the rest of my poore Wardrobe, such as you see, it leaues

no hand behind it, to make the izalous Mercers wife, curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake me Lady.

Gall. Lord, I doe so: would you, or I could helpe it.

Pha. Doe Ladyes of this Countrey, vse to giue no more respect to men of my full being?

Gall. Full Being? I vnderstand you not, vnlesse your Grace meanes growing to fatnesse: and then your onely remedy (vpon my knowledge Prince) is, in a morning, a cuppe of neate White wine, brewd with *Carduus*, then fast till supper; about eight you may eate: vse exercise, and keepe a Sparrow-hawke, you can shoot in a Tiller: But of all, your Grace must flie *Phlebotomie*, fresh Porke, Conger, and clarified whay: They are all dullers of the vitall spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talke of nothing, all this while.

Gall. Tis very true sir, I talke of you.

Pha. This is a crafty wench, I like her wit well, twill bee rare to stirre vp a leaden appetite: she's a *Danae*, and must be courted in a showre of gold. Madam, looke here, all these, and more, then——

Gall. What haue you there, my Lord? gold? Now, as I liue, tis faire gold: you would haue siluer for it to play with the Pages: you could not haue taken me in a worse time: But if you haue present vse my Lord, I'le send my man with siluer, and keepe your gold for you.

Pha. Lady, Lady.

Gall. She's comming sir behind, will take white money. Yet for all this He match yee. *Exit Gall. behind the hangings.*

Pha. If there be but two such more in this Kingdome, and neere the Court, we may euen hang vp our harpes: ten such *Champhier* constitutions as this, would call the golden age againe in question, and teach the old way for euery ill fac't husband, to get his owne children: and what a mischiefe that will breed, let all consider.

Enter *Megra.*

Heere's another: if she be of the same last, the diuell shall plucke her on. Many faire mornings, Lady.

Meg. As many mornings bring as many daies,
Faire, sweete, and hopefull to your Grace.

Pha. She giues good words yet: Sure this wench is free:

If your more serious business doe not call you,
Let me hold quarter with you, we'll talke an houre
Out quickly.

Meg. What would your Grace talke of?

Pha. Of some such pretty subiect as your selfe.
I'le goe no further then your eye, or lip,
There's theame enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet euen,
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, and red enough,
Or my glasse wrongs me.

Pha. O they are two twind cherries died in blushes,
Which those faire sunnes aboue, with their bright beames
Reflect vpon, and ripen: sweetest beauty,
Bow downe those branches, that the longing taste,
Of the faint looker on, may meete those blessings,
And taste, and line.

Meg. O delicate sweete Prince;
She that hath snow enough about her heart,
To take the wanton spring of ten such lynes off,
May be a Nunne without probation.
Sir, you haue in such neate poetry, gathered a kisse,
That if I had but fine lines of that number,
Such pretty begging blankes: I should commend
Your forehead, or your cheekes, and kisse you too.

Pha. Doe it in prose; you cannot misse it Madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall.

Pha. By my life you shall not:
I'le prompt you first: Can you doe it now?

Meg. Me thinkes tis easie, now I ha don't before:
But yet I should sticke at it.

Pha. Sticke till to morrow,
I'le ne're part you sweetest. But we lose time;
Can you loue me?

Meg. Loue you my Lord? How would you haue me loue you?

Pha. I'le teach you in a short sentence, cause I will not load your memory, this is all: loue me, and lye with me.

Meg. Was it lie with you that you sayd? Tis impossible.

Pha. Nor to a willing minde, that will end anour; if I doe not teach you to doe it as easily in one night, as you'l goe to bed: I'le loose my royall blood for't.

Meg. Why Prince, you haue a Lady of your owne, that yet wants teaching.

Pha. I'le sooner teach a Mare the old measures, then teach her any thing belonging to the function: sh's afraid to lye with her selfe, if she haue but any masculine imaginations about her; I know when we are married, I must ranish her.

Meg. By my honor, that's a foule fault indeed, but time and your good helpe will weare it out sir.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your deare selfe, dearest Lady, I had rather be sir *Tim* the Schoolemaster, and leape a dayrie maide, Madam

Meg. Has your Grace seene the Court-starre, *Galatea*?

Pha. Out vpon her; she's as cold of her fauour as an appoplex; she saild by but now.

Meg. And how doe you hold her wit sir?

Pha. I hold her wit? The strength of all the Guard cannot hold it if they were tied to it, she would blow vm out of the Kingdome. They talke of *Iupiter*, he's but a squibcracker to her: Looke well about you, and you may finde a tongue bolt. But speake sweete Lady, shall I be freely welcome?

Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your bed; if you mistrust my faith, you doe mee the vnnoblest wrong.

Meg. I dare not Prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your owne conditions, my purse shall seale vm, and what you dare imagine you can want, I'le furnish you withall: Giue two houres to your thoughts euery morning about it. Come, I know you are bashfull, speake in my eare, will you be mine? Keepe this, and with it, me: soone I will visit you.

Meg. My Lord, my chambers most vnsafe, but when tis night, I'le finde some meanes to slippe into your Lodging: till when.

Pha. Till when, this, and my heare goe with thee. *Ex. seuerall Waits.*

Enter *Galatea from behind the hangings.*

Gall.

Gall. Oh thou pernitious petticote Prince, are these your vertues? Well, if I doe not lay a traine to blow your sport vp, I am no woman: and Lady Towsabell I'le fit you for't. *Exit Gall.*

Enter *Arethusa and a Lady.*

Are. Where's the boy?

La. Within Madam.

Are. Gaue you him gold to buy him cloathes?

La. I did.

Are. And has he don't?

La. Yes Madam.

Are. Tis a pretty sad talking boy, is it not? Asked you his name?

La. No Madam. Enter *Gallatea.*

Are. O you are welcome, what good newes?

Gall. As good as any one can tell your Grace, That sayes she has done that, you would haue wish'd.

Are. Hast thou discouered?

Gall. I haue strain'd a point of modesty for you.

Are. I pree thee how?

Gall. In listning after bawdery: I see, let a Lady liue neuer so modestly, shee shall bee sure to finde a lawfull time, to harken after bawdery; your Prince, braue *Pharamond*, was so hot on't.

Are. With whom?

Gall. Why, with the Lady I suspected: I can tell the time and place.

Are. O when, and where?

Gall. To night, his Lodging.

Are. Runne thy selfe into the presence, mingle there againe With other Ladies, leaue the rest to me: If Desteny (to whom we dare not say, Why thou didst this) haue not decreed it so; In lasting leaues (whose smallest Characters Was neuer alterd:) yet, this match shall breake. Where's the boy? Enter *Bellario*

La. Here Madam.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your seruice, isst not so?

Bell. Madam, I haue not chang'd: I wayte on you,

To doe him seruice.

Are. Thou disclaimst in me;
Tell me thy name.

Bell. *Bellario.*

Are. Thou canst sing, and play.

Bell. If griefe will giue me leaue, Madam, I can.

Are. Alas, what kinde of griefe can thy yeares know?
Hadst thou a curst master, when thou wentst to schoole?
Thou art not capable of other griefe;
Thy browes and cheekes are smooth as waters be,
When no breath troubles them: beleeue me boy,
Care seekes out wrinckled browes, and hollow eyes,
And builds himselfe caues to abide in them.
Come sir, tell me truely, doth your Lord loue me?

Bell. Loue Madam? I know not what it is.

Are. Canst thou know griefe, and neuer yet knewst loue?
Thou art deceiued boy; does he speake of me
As if he wish'd me well?

Bell. If it be loue,
To forget all respect to his owne friends,
With thinking of your face: if it be loue
To sit crosse arm'd, and thinke away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud,
And hastily, as men i'the streetes doe fire;
If it be loue, to weepe himselfe away,
When he but heares of any Lady dead,
Or kil'd, because it might haue beene your chance.
If when he goes to rest (which will not be)
Twixt euery prayer he saies, to name you once
As others drop a bead; be to be in loue;
Then Madam, I dare sweare he loues you.

Are. O, y'are a cunning boy, and taught to lie,
For your Lords credit; but thou knowest, a lye
That beares this sound, is welcomer to me,
Then any truth that saies he loues me not.
Lead the way boy: Doe you attend me too:
Tis thy Lords businesse hastes me thus: Away. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter *Dion, Cleremont, Trasillin, Megra Gallatea.*

Di. Come Ladyes, shall we talke a round; As men
Doe walke a mile, women should talke an houre
Afrer supper: Tis their exercise.

Gall. Tis late.

Meg. Tis all,
My eyes will doe to lead me to my bed.

Gall. I feare they are so heavy, you'le scarce finde
The way to your lodging, with vm tonight.

Enter *Pharamond.*

Tra. The Prince.

Pha. Not a bed Ladyes, y'are good sitters vp;
What thinke you of a pleasant dreame to last
Till morning.

Meg: I should chose my Lord a pleasing wake before it.

Enter *Arethusa*, and *Bellario.*

Are. Tis well my Lord: y'are courting of Ladyes
Ist not late Gentlemen?

Cle. Yes Madam.

Are. Waite you there. *Exit Arethusa.*

Meg. She's iealous, as I live: looke you my Lord,
The Princesse has a *Hilas*, an *Adonis*.

Pha. His forme is Angell-like.

Meg. Why this is he, must, when you are wed,
Sit by your pillow, like young *Apollo*, with
His hand and voyce binding your thoughts in sleepe:
The Princesse does prouide him for you, and for her selfe.

Pha. I finde do musique in these boyes.

Meg. Nor I.
They can doe little, and that small they doe,
They haue not wit to hide.

Di. Serues he the Princesse?

Tra. Yes.

Di. Tis a sweete boy, how braue she keepes him?

Pha. Ladyes all good rest; I meane to kill a Bucke
To morrow morning, ere y'haue done your dreames.

Meg. All happinesse attend your Grace: Gentlemen good rest.

Come

Come shall we to bed?

Gall. Yes, all good night. *Exit Gall. Meg.*

Di. May your dreames be true to you?
What shall we doe Gallants? Tis late, the King
Is vp still, see he comes, a Guard a long
With him.

Enter *King, Arethusa, and Guard.*

K. Looke intelligence be true.

Are. Vpon my life it is: and I doe hope,
Your highnesse will not tie me to a man,
That in the heate of woing throwes me off,
And takes another.

Di. What should this meane?

K. If it be true,
That Lady had bin better haue embrac'd
Cureless diseases; get you to your rest, *Ex. Ara. Bel.*
You shall be righted. Gentlemen, draw neere,
We shall imploy you: Is young *Pharamond*
Come to his lodging?

Di. I saw him enter there.

K. Hast some of you, and cunningly discouer,
If *Megra* be in her lodging.

Cle. Sir,
She parted hence but now with other Ladies.

K. If she be there, we shall not need to make
A vaine discouery of out suspition.
You gods I see, that who vnrighteously
Holds wealth, or state from others, shall be curst,
In that, which meaner men are blest withall:
Ages to come, shall know no male of him
Left to inherit: and his name shall be
Blotted from earth: If he haue any childe,
It shall be crossely match'd: the gods themselues
Shall sow wilde strife betwixt her Lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgiue the sinne
I haue committed, let it not fall
Vpon this vnderstanding child of mine,

She

She has not broke your Lawes: but how can I,
Looke to be heard of gods, that must be iust,
Praying vpon the ground I hold by wrong?

Enter *Dion.*

Di. Sir I haue asked, and her women swearе shee is within, but they I thinke are bawdes; I told vm I must speake with her; they laught, and said their Lady lay speechlesse, I said, my businesse was important, they said their Lady was about it: I grew hot, and cryed, my businesse was a matter, that concern'd life and death; they answered, so was sleeping, at which their Lady was; I vrg'd againe, shee had scarce time to bee so, since last I saw her; they smilde againe, and seem'd to instruct mee, that sleeping was nothing but lying downe and winking: Answers more direct I could not get: in short sir, I thinke she is not there.

K. Tis then no time to dally: you o'th Guard,
Waite at the backe dore of the Princes lodging,
And see that none passe thence vpon your liues.
Knocke Gentlemen: knocke loud: lowder yet:
What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing?
I'le breake your meditations: knocke againe:
Not yet: I doe not thinke he sleepes; hauing this
Larum by him; once more, *Pharamond*, Prince.

Pharamond above

Pha. What sawcy groome knocks at this dead of night?
Where be our waiters? By my vexed soule,
He meetes his death, that meetes me for this boldnesse.

K. Prince, you wrong your thoughts, we are your friends,
Come downe

Pha. The King?

K. The same sir, come downe,
We haue cause of present counsell with you.

Pha. If your Grace please to vse me, I'le attend you
To your Chamber. *Pha. below.*

K. No, tis too late Prince, I'le make bold with yours.

Pha. I haue some priuate reasons to my selfe,
Makes me vnmannerly, and say you cannot:

Nay preasse not forward Gentlemen, he must come
Through my life, that comes here.

K. Sir, be resolu'd, I must, and will come: Enter.

Pha. I will not be dishonor'd:
He that enters, enters vpon his death:
Sir, tis a signe you make no stranger of me,
To bring these renegados to my chamber,
At these vnseasond houres.

K. Why doe you
Chase your selfe so? you are not wrong'd, nor shall be:
Onely I'le search your lodging, for some cause
To our selfe knowne: Enter I say.

Pha. I say no. *Meg.* aboue.

Meg. Let vm enter Prince,
Let vm enter, I am vp, and ready: I know there businesse,
Tis the poore breaking of a Ladies honour,
They hunt so hotly after: let vm enioy it:
You haue your businesse Gentlemen, I lay here.
O my Lord the King, this is not noble in you,
To make publique the weakenesse of a woman.

K. Come downe.

Meg. I dare my Lord: your whootings, and your clamors,
Your priuate whispers, and your broad fleerings,
Can no more vex my soule, then this base carriage,
But I haue vengance yet in store for some,
Shall in the most contempt you can haue of me,
Be ioy and nourishment.

K. Will you come downe?

Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worst: but I shall wring you
If my skill faile me not.

K. Sir, I must dearely chide you for this loosenesse,
You haue wrong'd a worthy Lady; but no more,
Conduct him to my Lodging, and to bed.

Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring to bed indeed.

Di. Tis strange a man cannot ride a stagge
Or two, so breathe himselfe, without a warrant:
If this geere hold, that lodgings be search'd thus,

Pray

Pray God we may lie with our owne wiues in safety,
That they be not by some tricke of State mistaken.

Enter with *Megra*.

K. Now Lady of honour, where's your honour now?
No man can fit your pallat, but the Prince.
Thou most ill shrowded rottennesse; thou piece
Made by a Painter and a Pothicary:
Thou troubled sea of lust: thou wildernesse,
Inhabited by wild thoughts: thou swolne clowd
Of Infection: thou ripe mine of all diseases:
Thou all sinne, all hell, and last, all Diuells. Tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies,
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter,
By all the gods, all these, and all the Pages,
And all the Court, shall hoote thee through the Court,
Fling rotten Oranges, make ribal'd rimes,
And seare thy name with candles vpon walls:
Doe ye laugh Lady Venus?

Meg. Faith sir, you must pardon me;
I cannot chuse but laugh to see you merry
If you doe this, O King; nay, if you dare doe it;
By all those gods you swore by, and as many
More of my owne; I will haue fellowes, and such
Fellowes in it, as shall make noble mirth:
The Princesse your deare daughter, shall stand by me,
On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing:
Vrge me no more, I know her, and her haunts,
Her layes, leaps, and outlayes, and will discouer all;
Nay will dishonor her. I know the boy
She keepes, a hansome boy: about eighteene;
Know what she does with him, where, and when
Come sir, you put me to a womans madnesse.
The glory of a fury; and if I doe not
Doe it to the height?

K. What boy is this she raues at?

Meg: Alas, good minded Prince, you know not these things;
I am lorth to reueale vm. Keepe this fault

As you would keepe your health from the hot aire
Of the corrupted people, or by heauen,
I will not fall alone: what I haue knowne,
Shall be as publique as a print: all tongues
Shall speake it as they doe the language they
Are borne in, as free and commonly; I'le set it
Like a prodigious starre for all to gaze at,
And so high and glowing: that other Kingdomes far and forraigne,
Shall reade it there: nay trauaile with it, till they finde
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;
And then behold the fall of your faire Princesse.

K. Has she a boy?

Cle. So please your Grace I haue seene a boy wayte
On her, a faire boy.

K. Goe, get you to your quarter:
For this time I'le study to forget you.

Meg. Doe you study to forget me, and I'le study
To forget you.

Ex. K. Meg Guard.

Cle. Why here's a male spirit for *Hercules*; if euer there bee nine wort hies of woman, this wench shall ride astride, and be their Captaine.

Di Sure shee has a garrison of Diuells in her tongue, shee vttered such balls of wild-fire. She has so metled the King, that all the Doctors in the countrey will scarce cure him. That boy was a strange found out antidote to cure her infections; that boy; that Princesse boy; that braue chaste, vertuous Ladies boy: and a faire boy, a well spoken boy: All these considered, can make nothing else--- but there I leaue you Gentlemen.

Tra. Nay, weele goe wander with you.

Exeunt.

Actus 3. Scœna 1

Enter *Cle. Di. Tra.*

Cle. Nay, doubtlesse tis true.

Di. I, and tis the gods

That

That raiſde this punishment to ſcourge the King
With his owne iſſue: Is it not a ſhame
For vs, that ſhould write noble in the land;
For vs, that ſhould be free men, to behold
A man, that is the brauery of his age,
Philaſter: preſt drowne from his royall right,
By this regardleſſe King: and onely looke,
And ſee the Scepter ready to be caſt
Into the hands of that Iaſciuious Lady,
That liues in luſt with a ſmooth boy, now to be
Married to yon ſtrang Prince; who, but that people
Pleaſe to let him be a prince, is borne a ſlaue,
In that which ſhould be his moſt noble part:
His minde.

Tra. That man that would not ſtirre with you,
To aide *Philaſter*, let the gods forget,
That ſuch a creature walkes vpon the earth.

Cle. *Philaſter* is too backward in't himſelfe;
The Gentry doe awaite it; and the people
A gainſt their nature are all bent for him;
And like a field of ſtanding corne, that's moued
With a ſtiffe gale; their heads bow all one way.

Di. The onely cauſe that drawes *Philaſter* backe,
From this attempt, is the faire Princeſſe loue,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.

Tra. Perhaps he'le not beleeue it.

Di. Why Gentlemen, tis without queſtion ſo.

Cle. I tis paſt ſpeech, ſhe liues diſhoneſtly.
But how ſhall we, if he be curious, worke
Vpon his faith:

Tra. We all are ſatisfied within our ſelues.

Di. Since it is true, and tends to his owne good,
I'le make this new report to be my knowledge;
I'le ſay I know it, nay, I'le ſweare I ſaw it.

Cle. It will be beſt. Enter *Phila.*

Tra. Twill moue him.

Di. Here he comes: Good morrow to your honor,

We haue ſpent ſome time in ſeeking you.

Phi. My worthy friends,
You that can keepe your memories, to know
Your friend in miſeries, and cannot frowne
On men diſgrac'd for vertue: A good day
Atend you all. What ſeruice may I doe
Worthy your acceptation?

Di. My good Lord,
We come to vrge that vertue which we know
Liues in your breaſt, forth, riſe, and make a head,
The Nobles, and the people are all dull'd
With this vſurping King; and not a man
That euer heard the word, or knew ſuch a thing
As Vertue, but will ſecond your attempts.

Phi. How honorable is this loue in you.
To me that haue deſeru'd none? Know my friends
(You that were borne to ſhame your poore *Philaſter*,
With too much courteſie) I could afford
To melt my ſelfe in thInkes: but my deſignes
Are not yet ripe, ſuffice it, that ere long
I ſhall imploy your loues: but yet the time
Is ſhort of what I would.

Di. The time is fuller ſir, then you expect:
That which hereafter, will not perhaps be reach'd
By violence, may now be caught: As for the King
You know the people haue long hated him:
But now the Princeſſe, whom they lou'd,

Phi. Why, what of her?

Di. Is loath'd as much as he.

Phi. By what ſtrange meanes?

Di. She's knowne a whore.

Phi. Thou lieſt.

Di. My Lord——

Phi. Thou lieſt. *Offers to draw, and is held.*
And thou ſhalt feele it; I had thought thy minde
Had been of honor: thus to rob a Lady
Of her good name, is an infectious ſinne,

Not to be pardon'd ; be it falſe as hell,
T'will neuer be redeem'd, if it be ſowne
Amongſt the people, fruitefull to increaſe
All euill they ſhall heare. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falſhood, whilſt it ſprings:
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That vtters this, and I will ſcale them all,
And from the vtmoſt top fall on his necke,
Like thunder from a clowd.

Di. This is moſt ſtrange:
Sure he does loue her.

Phi. I doe loue faire truth:
She is my Miſtreſſe, and who iniures her,
Drawes vengeance from me. Sirs, let goe my armes.

Tra. Nay, good my Lord be patient.

Cle. Sir, remember this is your houor'd friend.
That comes to doe his ſeruice, and will ſhew you
Why he vtter'd this.

Phi. I aske you pardon ſir,
My zeale to truth made me vnmannerly:
Should I haue heard diſhonour ſpoke of you,
Behind your backe vntruely, I had beene
As much diſtemperd, and enrag'd as now.

Di. But this, my Lord, is truth.

Phi. O ſay not ſo, good ſir forbeare to ſay ſo,
Tis then truth that woman-kind is falſe;
Vrge it no more, it is impoſſible;
Why ſhould you thinke the Princeſſe light?

Di. Why, ſhe was taken at it.

Phi. Tis falſe, by heauen tis falſe: it cannot be,
Can it? Speake Gentlemen, for Gods loue ſpeake;
Iſt poſſible? can women all be damn'd?

Di. Why no, my Lord.

Phi. Why then it cannot be.

Di. And ſhe was taken with her Boy.

Phi. What Boy?

Di. A Page, a Boy that ſerues her.

Phi. Oh good gods, a little boy?
Di. I, know you him my Lord?
Phi. Hell and sinne, know him? sir, you are deceiu'd:
I'le reason it a little coldly with you;
If she were lustfull, would she take a boy,
That knowes not yet desire? she would haue one
Should meete her thoughts, and know the sinne he acts,
Which is the great delight of wickednesse:
You are abusd, and so is she, and I.
Di. How you, my Lord?
Phi. Why, all the world's abusde,
In an vniust report.
Di. Oh, noble sir, your vertues
Canno: looke into the subtle thoughts of woman.
In short my Lord, I tooke them: I my selfe.
Phi. Now all the diuels thou didst, flie from my rage,
Would thou hadst tane diuels ingendring plagues,
When thou didst take them; hide thee from my eyes;
Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,
When thou did take them; or bin strucken dumbe
For euer: that this foule deed might haue slept
In silence.
Tra. Haue you knowne him so ill temperd?
Cle. Neuer before.
Phi The winds that are let loose,
From the foure seuerall corners of the earth,
And spread themselues all ouer sea and land,
Kisse not a chaste one. What friend beares a sword
To runne me through?
Di. Why, my Lord, are you so mou'd at this?
Phi. When any fall from vertue, I am distracted,
I haue an interest in't.
Di. But good my Lord recall your selfe,
And thinke what's best to be done.
Phi. I thanke you, I will doe it:
Please you to leaue me, I'le consider of it;
To morrow I will finde your lodging forth,

And

And gitte you answer?
Di. All the gods direct you
The readiest way.
Tra. He was extreame impatient,
Cle. It was his vertue, and his noble mind.

Exit Di. *Cle. Tra.*

Phi. I had forgot to aske him where he took them,
Ile follow him. O that I had a sea
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feele;
More circumstances will but fan this fire:
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, then simply that tis done:
And he that tells me this, is honourable,
As farre from lies, as she is farre from truth.
O that like beasts, we could not grieve our selves,
With that we see not; Bulls and Rammes will fight,
To keepe their females, standing in their sight:
But take vm from them, and you take at once
Their spleenes away: and they will fall againe
Vnto their pastures, growing fresh and fat,
And tast the waters of the springs as sweet,
As twas before; finding no start in sleep.
But miserable man! See, see you gods, *Enter Bellario*
He walkes still; and the face you let him weare
When he was innocent, is still the same,
Not blasted; is this Iustice? Doe you meane
To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now
Thinke he is guilty.
Bell. Health to you my Lord:
The Princesse doth commend her loue, her life,
And this vnto you.
Phi. Oh *Bellario*:
Now I perceiue she loues me; she does shew it
In loving thee my boy, she has made thee braue.
Bell. My Lord, she has attir'd me past my wish,

Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,
Though farre vnfit for me, who do attend.

Phi. Thou art growne courtly boy. Oh let all women
That loue blacke deeds, learn to dissemble here,
Here, by this paper, she does write to me,
As if her heart were mines of Adamant,
To all the world besides, but vnto me,
A maiden snow that melted with my looks,
Tell me my boy, how doth the Princesse vse thee?
For I shall guesse her loue to me by thee.

Bell. Scarce like her seruant, but as if I were
Something allyed to her; Or had preserv'd
Her life three times by my secrecy,
As mothers fond do vse their only sonnes:
A I'de vse one, that's left vnto my trust,
For whom my life should pay, if he met harme,
So she does vse me.

Phi. Why this is wondrous well:
But what kind language does she feed thee with?

Bell. Why, she does tell me, she will trust my youth
VVith all her loving secrets; and does call me
Her pretty seruant, bids me we weep no more
For leaving you: shee'l see my services
Regarded; and such words of that soft straine,
That I am neaer weeping when she ends,
Then ere she spake.

Phi. This is much better still.

Bell. Are you not ill my Lord?

Phi. Ill? No *Bellario.*

Bell. Me thinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your lookes that quietnesse,
That I was wont to see.

Phi. Thou art deceiv'd boy:
And she strokes thy head?

Bell. Yes.

Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks?

Bell. She does my Lord.
Phi. And she does kisse thee boy? hast
Bell. How my Lord?
Phi. She kisses thee?
Bell. Never my Lord, by heaven.
Phi. That's strange: I know she does.
Bel. No, by my life.
Phi. Why then she does not loue me; come, she does
I bad her doe it: I charg'd her by all charmes
Of loue betweene vs, by the hope of peace
VVe should enioy, to yeeld thee all delights
Naked, as to her bed: I tooke her oath
Thou shouldst enioy her: Tell me gentle boy,
Is she not parallelle? Is not her breath,
Sweet as *Arabian* winds, when fruits are ripe?
Are not her breasts two liquid Ivory balls?
Is she not all, a lasting Mine of ioy?
Bel. I, now I see, why my disturbed thoughts
VVere so perplext. VVhen first I went to her
My heart held augury: you are abusde,
Some villaine has abusde you: I do see
VVhereto you tend: fall rocks vpon his head,
That put this to you: tis some subtle traine,
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.
Phi. Thou thinkst I will be angry with thee: Come
Thou shalt know all my drift; I hate her more,
Then I loue happinesse, and placed thee there,
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds:
Hast thou discovered; Is she false to lust,
As I would wish her? Speake some comfort to me.
Bell. My Lord, you did mistake the boy you sent:
Had she the lust of Sparrowes, or of Goates;
Had she a sinne that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires: but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveale,
To make my life last ages.

Phi. Oh my heart?
This is a ſalue worſe then the maine diſeaſe,
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the leaſt,
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it; I will ſee thy thoughts as plaine,
As I doe now thy face.

Bell. VVhy ſo you doe.
She is (for ought I know) by all the gods,
As chaſte as Ice: but were ſhe foule as hell,
And I did know it, thus: the breath of Kings,
The points of ſwords, tortures, nor bulls of Braſſe,
Should draw it from me.

Phi. Then tis no time to dally with thee;
I will take thy life, for I doe hate thee:
I could curſe thee now.

Bell If you doe hate, you could not curſe me worſe:
The gods haue not a puniſhment in ſtore,
Greater for me, then is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie, ſo young and ſo diſſembling:
Tell me when, and where, thou didſt enioy her,
Or let plagues fall on me, il I deſtroy thee not.

Bell. By heaven I never did: and when I lie
To ſaue my life, may I liue long and loath'd;
Hew me aſunder, and whilſt I can thinke,
Ile loue thoſe pieces you haue cut away,
Better then thoſe that grow: and kiſſe thoſe limbes,
Becauſe you made vm ſo.

Phi. Fear'ſt thou not death?
Can boyes contemne that?

Bell. Oh, what boy is he,
Can be content to liue to be a man,
That ſees the beſt of men thus paſſionate,
Thus without reaſon?

Phi. Oh, but thou doſt not know what tis to die.

Bell. Yes, I doe know my Lord:
Tis leſſe then to be borne; a laſting ſleep,
A quiet reſting from all iealoufie:

A thing we all purſue? I know beſides,
It is but giving over of a game,
That muſt be loſt.

Phi. But there are paines, falſe boy,
For periured ſoules: thinke but on thoſe, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt vtter all.

Bell. May they fall all vpon me whilſt I liue,
If I be periur'd, or haue ever thought
Of that you charge me with; If I be falſe,
Send me to ſuffer in thoſe puniſhments
You ſpeake of: kill me.

Phi. Oh, what ſhould I doe?
VVhy, who can but beleeve him? He does ſweare
So earneſtly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Riſe *Bellario*,
Thy proteſtations are ſo deepe, and thou
Doeſt looke ſo truly, when thou vtterest them,
That though I know vm falſe, as were my hopes,
I cannot vrge thee further, but thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I muſt loue
Thy honeſt looks, and take no revenge vpon
Thy tender youth: A loue from me to thee
Is firme, what ere thou doſt: It troubles me
That I haue call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did ſo well become thee: But good boy
Let me not ſee thee more: ſomething is done,
That will diſtract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee: if thou tender'ſt me,
Let me not ſee thee.

Bell. I will flye as farre
As there is morning, ere I giue diſtaſt
To that moſt honoured mind. But through theſe teares
Shed at my hopeleſſe parting, I can ſee
A world of treaſon practiſed vpon you,
And her, and me. Farewell for evermore:
If you ſhall heare, that ſorrow ſtrucke me dead,
And after find me loyall; let there be

A teare shed from you, in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace *Exit Bell.*
Phi. Blessing be with thee,
VVhat ever thou deserveſt. Oh, where shall I
Goe bath this body? Nature too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind. *Ex. Phi.*

Enter Arethusa.

Ara. I marvaile my boy comes not backe againe;
But that I know my loue will question him,
Ouer and over; how I slept, wak'd, talk'd;
How I remembred him when his deare name
VVas last spoke, and how, when I sighd, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such: I should be angry
At his stay.

Enter King.

Ki. What, at your meditations? Who attends you?
Ara. None but my single selfe, I need no guard:
I doe no wrong, nor feare none.
K. Tell me: haue you not a boy?
Ara. Yes sir.
K. What kind of boy?
Ara. A Page, a waiting boy.
K. A handsome boy?
Ara. I thinke he be not vgly:
Well quallified, and dutifull, I know him,
I tooke him not for beauty.
K. He speaks, and sings, and playes?
Ara. Yes sir.
K. About eighteene?
Ara. I never ask'd his age.
K. Is he full of service?
Ara. By your pardon, why doe you aske?
K. Put him away.
Ara. Sir.
K. Put him away, has done you that good service
Shames me to speake of.
Ara. Good sir let me vnderstand you.

K. If you feare me,
Shew it in duty; put away that boy.
Ara. Let me haue reason for it sir, and then
Your will is my command.
K. Doe not you blush to aske it: Cast him off,
Or I shall doe the same to you. Y'are one
Shame with me, and so neare vnto my selfe,
That by my life, I dare not tell my selfe,
What you, my selfe haue done.
Ara. What haue I done, my Lord?
K. Tis a new language, that all loue to learne:
The common people speake it well already,
They need no Grammar; vnderstand me well,
There be foule whispers stirring: cast him off,
And sodainly; doe it: Farewell. *Exit King.*
Ara. Where may a maiden liue securely free,
Keeping her honour faire? Not with the living,
They feed vpon opinions, errours, dreames,
And make vm truths: they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow vpon disgraces,
And when they see a vertue fortified,
Strongly aboue the battry of their tongues;
Oh, how they cast to sinke it, and defeated
(Soule sicke with poyson) strike the Monuments
VVhere noble names lie sleeping: till they swear,
And the cold Marble melt.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest Mistrisse.
Ara. Oh, my dearest seruant, I haue a war within me.
Phi. He must be more then man, that makes those Christalls
Run into riuers: sweetest faire, the cause
And as I am your slaue, tied to your goodnesse,
Your creature, made againe from what doates,
And newly spirited: I'le right your honour.
Ara. Oh, my best loue: that boy!
Phi. VVhat boy?
Ara. The pretty boy you gaue me!

Phi. What of him?
Ara. Must be no more mine.
Phi. Why?
Ara. They are jealous of him
Phi. Iealous, who?
Ara. The King.
Phi. Oh my my fortune,
Then tis no idle jealousie. Let him goe.
Ara. Oh cruell, are you hard hearted too?
Who shall now tell you, how much I loved you?
Who shall sweare it to you, and weep the teares I send?
Who shall now bring you letters, rings, bracelets?
Loose his health in service? Wake tedious nights
In stories of your praise? Who shall sing
Your crying Elegies? And strike a sad soule
Into senselesse pictures, and make them mourne?
Who shall take vp his Lute, and touch it, till
He crowne a silent sleep vpon my eye-lids,
Making me dreame, and cry, Oh my deare,
Deare *Philaster*?
Phi. Oh my heart?
Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
This Lady was not loyall. Mistrisse, forget
The boy, Ile get thee a faire better.
Ara. Oh never, never such a boy againe,
As my *Bellario*.
Bell. Tis but your fond affection.
Ara. With thee my boy, farewell for ever,
All secrecy in servants; farewell faith,
And all desire to doe well for it selfe:
Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,
Sell, and betray chast loue.
Phi. And all this passion for a boy?
Ara, He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the losse of such, must haue a mourning for.
Phi. O thou forgetfull woman!
Ara. How, my Lord?

Phi. False *Arathusa!*
Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I haue lost vm? If not, leave to talke,
And doe thus.

Ara. Doe what sir? would you sleeepe?

Phi. For ever *Arathusa.* Oh you gods,
Give me a worthy patience: Have I stood
Naked, alone, the shocke of many fortunes?
Have I seene mischiefes numberlesse, and mighty?
Grow like a sea vpon me? Have I taken
Danger as sterne as death into my bosome,
And laught vpon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by? Doe I liue now like him,
Vnder this tyrant King, that languishing
Heares his sad bell, and sees his mourners? Doe I
Beare all this bravely? and must sinke at length
Vnder a womans falshood? Oh that boy,
That cursed boy! None but a villaine boy,
To ease your lust?

Ara. Nay, then I am betrayd,
I feele the plot cast for my overthrow:
Oh I am wretched.

Phi. Now you may take that little right I haue
To this poore Kingdome: giue it to your Ioy,
For I haue no ioy in it. Some farre place,
Where never woman kind durst set her foote,
For bursting with her poisons, must I seeke,
And live to curse you:
There dig a Cave, and preach to birds, and beasts,
What woman is, and helpe to save them from you.
How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts,
More hell then hell has: how your tongues like Scorpions,
Both heale and poyson: how your thoughts are woven
With thousand changes in one subtle webbe,
And worne so by you. How that foolish man,
That reades the story of a womans face,
And dies beleeving it, is lost for ever.

How all the good you haue, is but a shaddow,
I'th morning with you, and at night behind you,
Past and forgotten. How your vowes are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next Sun gone.
How you are, being taken all together,
A meere confusion, and so dead a *Chaos*,
That loue cannot distinguish. These full texts
Till my last houre, I am bound to vtter of you:
So farewell all my woe, all my delight. *Exit Phi.*

Ara. Be mercifull ye gods, and strike me dead:
What way haue I deseru'd this? Make my breast
Transparant as a pure Christall, that the world
Iealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turne her eyes,
To finde out constancy? Saue me, how blacke *Enter Bell.*
And guilty (me thinkes that boy lookes now?
Oh thou dissembler, that before thou spakst,
VVert in thy cradle false! sent to make lirs,
And betray innocents: thy Lord and thou,
May glory in the ashes of a maid'
Foold by her passion: but the conquest is,
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away,
Let my command force thee to that, which shame
VVould doe without it. If thou vnderstoodst
The loathed office thou hast vndergone,
VVhy thou wouldst hide thee vnder heapes of hills,
Lest men should dig and finde thee.

Bell. Oh what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds? Madam this griefe
You adde vnto me, is no more then drops
To seas, for which they are not seene to swell.
My Lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future ioyes,
You need not bid me fly, I came to part,
To take my latest leaue. Farewell for ever:
I durst not runne away in honesty,

From

From such a Lady, like a boy that stole,
Or made some grievous fault: the power of gods
Assist you in your sufferings: hasty time
Reveale the truth to your abused Lord,
And mine: That he may know your worth: whilst I
Goe seeke out some forgotten place to die. *Exit Bell.*

Ara. Peace guide thee: tha'st overthrowne me once,
Yet if I had another *Troy* to lose,
Thou, or another villaine with thy lookes,
Might talke me out of it, and send me naked,
My haire disheveld through the fiery streetes?

Enter a Lady.

La. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
VVith earnestnesse.

Ara. I am in tune to hunt:
Diana if thou canst rage with a maid,
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turne me to a fearefull Hinde,
That I may die pursued by cruell hounds,
And haue my story written in my wounds.

Exeunt.

Actus 4. *Scena* 1.

Enter *King, Pharamond, Arathusa, Galatea, Megra, Dion, Clerement, Trasilin,* and attendants.

K. VVhat are the hounds before, and all the woodmen?
Our horses ready, and our bowes bent.

Di. All sir.

K. Y'are clowdy sir, come we have forgotten
Your veniall trespasse; let not that sit heavy
Vpon your spirit; heres none dare vtter it.

Di. He lookes like an old surfeited stallion after his leaping, dull as a Dormouse: see how he sinkes; the wench has shot him between wind and water, and I hope sprung a leake.

Tra. He needes no teaching, he strikes sure enough: his greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purlues; would he wod leave off poaching.

Di. And for his horne, has left it at the lodge where he lay late: Oh, hee's a pretious lyme-hound; turn him loose vpon the pursue of a Lady, and if he lose her, hang him vp i'th slip. When my fox-bitch Bewty growes proud, I'le borrow him.

K. Is your boy turn'd away?

Ara. You did command sir, and I obeyed you.

K. Tis well done: Harke ye further.

Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent? Mee thinkes that were not noble in him: and yet he lookes like a mortified member, as if hee had a sicke mans salve in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physicall Iustice or other, would presently (without the helpe of an Almanacke) haue opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dogge-whippe.

Di. See, see, how modestly yon Lady lookes, as if she came from Churching with her neighbour: why, what a divell can a man see in her face, but that shees honest?

Tra. Faith no great matter to speake of, a foolish twinckling with the eye, that spoiles her coate; but he must be a cunning Harald that findes it.

Di. See how they muster one another! O theres a rancke Regiment, where the Divell carries the Colours, and his Dam Drum-major. Now the world and the flesh come behind with the Carriage.

Cle. Sure this Lady has a good turne done her against her will before, shee was common talke, now none dare say, Cantharides can stirre her. Her face lookes like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answere it, to be tied vp and bolted, when this Lady meanes to let her selfe loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection, and a gracious; and may vse her body discreetly, for her health sake, once a weeke, excepting Lent and Dog-dayes; oh if they were to be got for money, what a great summe would come out of the Citty for these licenses.

K. To horse, to horse, we loose the morning Gentlemen.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter two Woodmen.

1 *Wood.* What, have you lodg'd the Deere?

2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 *Wood.* Who shootes?

2 *Wood.* The Princesse.

1 *Wood.* No, shee'l hunt.

2 *Wood.* Shee'l take a stand I say.

1 *Wood.* Who else?

2 *Wood.* Why, the young stranger Prince.

1 *Wood.* *Hee* shall shoote in a stone bow for me. I never lov'd his beyond sea-ship, since he forsooke the say, for paying ten shillings: he was there at the fall of a Deere, and would needes (out of his mightinesse) give ten groats for the Dowce: marry the steward would have the velvet head into the bargaine, to turse his hat withall: I thinke he should love venery, he is an old sir *Tristram*, for if you be remembred, he forsook the Stagge once, to strike a rascall milking in a medow, and her he kild in the eye. Who shootes else?

2 *Wood.* The Lady *Galatea.*

1 *Wood.* That's a good wench, and she would not chide vs for tumbling of her women in the brakes. Shee's liberall, and by the gods, they say shee's honest, and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to doe. There's all?

2 *Wood.* No, one more *Megra.*

1 *Wood.* That's a firker I faith boy: There's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennell of hounds, as a hunting saddle, and when she comes home, get vn clapt, and all is well againe. I haue knowne her lose her selfe three times in one afternoon (if the woods haue beene answerable) and it has beene worke enough for one man to finde her, and he has sweat for it. She rides well, and she payes well. Harke, let's goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Oh, that I had beene nourish'd in these woods,
With milke of Goates, and Akrons, and not knowne
The right of Crownes, nor the dissembling traines
Of womens looker: but dig'd my selfe a Cave,
Where I, my fire, my Cattell, and my bed,
Might have beene shut together in one shed:

And then had taken me some mountaine girle,
Beaten with winds, chast as the hardened rocks
Whereon she dwells: that might haue strewed my bed
With leaves, and reedes, and with the skinnes of beasts
Our neighbours: And haue borne at her big breasts
My large course issue. This had beene a life
Free from vexation.

Enter Bellario.

Bell. Oh wicked men!
An innocent may walke safe among beasts,
Nothing assaults me here. See, my grieved Lord,
Sits as his soule were searching out a way,
To leaue his body. Pardon me that must
Breake thy last commandement; For I must speake
You that are griev'd can pitty: heare my Lord.

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pitty?

Bell. Oh my noble Lord,
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing) so much as may serve
To keepe that little piece I hold of life,
From cold and hunger.

Phi. Is it thou? be gone:
Goe sell those misbeseeming clothes thou wearest,
And feed thy selfe with them.

Bell. Alas, my Lord, I can get nothing for them:
The silly Country people thinke tis treason,
To touch such gay things,

Phi. Now by the gods, this is
Vnkindly done, to vexe me with thy sight;
Th'art art false againe to thy dissembling trade:
How shouldst thou thinke to cozen me againe?
Remaines there yet a plague vntride for me.
Even so thou wept, and lookst, and spokst, when first
I tooke thee vp: curse on the time, if thy
Commanding teares can worke on any other,

Vse thy art, Ile not betray it. VVhich way
VVilt thou take, that I may shun thee?
For thine eyes are poyson to mine; and I
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that way?

Bell. Any will serve, but I will chuse to haue
That path in chase, that leades vnto my grane.

Exit Phi. Bell. seuerally.

Enter Dion and the Woodman.

Di. This is the strangest suddaine chance! You woodman.

1 Wood. My Lord Dion.

Di. Saw you a Lady come this way, on a sable horse studded with starres of white?

2 Wood. VVas she not young and tall?

Di. Yes: Rode she to the wood, or to the plaine?

2 Wood. Faith my Lord, we saw none. *Exit Woodmen.*

Enter Cleremont.

Di. Poxe of you questions then. VVhat, is she founde?

Cle. Nor will be, I thinke.

Di. Let him seeke his Daughter himselfe: shee cannot stay a-bout a little necessary naturall businesse, but the whole Court must be in Armes: when she has done, we shall haue peace.

Cle. Theres already a thousand fatherlesse tales amongst vs: some say her horse ran away with her: some, a VVolfe pursued her: others, it was a plot to kill her: and that armed men were seene in the VVood; but questionlesse, she rode away willingly.

Enter King, and Trasiline.

K. VVhere is she?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.

K. How is that? Answer me so againe.

Cle. Sir, shall I lie?

K. Yes, lie and damne, rather then tell me that:
I say againe, where is she? Mutter not:
Sir, speake you, where is she?

Di. Sir, I doe not know.

K. Speake that againe so boldly, and by heaven,
It is thy last. You fellowes, answer me,
VVhere is she? Marke me all, I am your King.

I wish to see my daughter, shew her me:
I doe command you all, as you are subiects,
To shew her me, what am I not your King?
If I, then am I not to be obeyd?

Di. Yes, if you command things possible, and honest.

K. Things possible and honest? Heare me, thou,
Thou traytor, that dar'st confine thy King to things
Possible and honest; shew her me,
Or let me perish, if I cover not
All *Cicily* with blood.

Di. Faith I cannot, vnlesse you tell me where she is.

K. You haue betray'd me, y'have let me loose
The Iewell of my life: goe, bring her me,
And set her here before me: tis the King
Will haue it so, whose breath can still the Winds,
Vnclowd the Sunne, charme downe the swelling Sea,
And stop the floods of heaven: speake, can it not.

Di. No.

K. Not Cannot the breath of Kings doe this?

Di. No, nor smel sweere it selfe, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted.

K. Is it so? Take heed.

Di. Sir, take you heed, how you dare the powers
That must be iust.

K. Alas, what are we Kings?
Why doe you gods place vs aboue the rest,
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Beleeue we hold within our hands your thunder.
And when we come to try the power we haue,
There's not a leafe shakes at our threatnings.
I have sind' tis true, and here stand to be punish'd;
Yet would not thus be punish'd, let me chuse
My way, and lay it on.

Di. He articles with the gods; would some body would draw bonds, for the performance of covenants betwixt them.

Enter Pha: Galtiana, and Megra.

K. What, is she found?

Pha.

Pha. No, we haue tane her horse,
He gallopt empty by : there's some treason :
You *Gallatea* rode with her into the wood ;
Why left you her ?

Gall. She did command me:

K. Command! you should not.

Gall. T'would ill become my fortunes, and my birth
To disobeyi the daughter of my King.

K. Y,are all cunning to obey vs for our hurt,
But I will haue her.

Pha. If I haue her not,
By this hand there shall be no more *Cicelies*

Di. What, will he carry it to *Spaine* in's pocket ?

Pha. I will not leaue one man a liue, but the King,
A Cooke, and a Taylor.

Di. Yes, you maydoe well to spare your Lady bedfellow, and her you may keepe for a spawner.

K. I see the iniuries I haue done, must be reueng'd

Di. Sir, this is not the way to finde her out.

K. Run all, disperse your selues : tho man that findes her.
Or (if she be kild) the traytor I'le make him great.

Di. I know some would giue fiue thousand pounds to finde her,

Pha. Come, let vs seeke.

K. Each man a severall way, here I my selfe.

Di. Come Gentlemen, we here.

Cle. Lady, you must goe search too.

Meg. I had rather be search'd my selfe. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Arathusa.

Ara. Where am I now ? Feete, finde me out a way,
Without the counsell of my troubled head,
I'le follow you boldly about these woods,
O're mountaines, through brambles, pits, and floods :
Heauen I hope will ease me I am sicke.

Enter Bellario,

Bell. Yonder's my Lady : God knowes I want nothing
Because I doe not wish to liue ; yet I
Will try her charity. O here, you that haue plenty,

From that flowing ſtore, drop ſome on dry ground: ſee,
The lively red is gone to guard her heart:
I feare ſhe faints: Madam looke vp; ſhe breaths not:
Open once more thoſe roſie twins, and ſend
Vnto my Lord, your lateſt farewell: Oh, ſhe ſtirres:
How is it madam? Speake comfort.

Ara. Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miſerable life,
And hold me there: I pre thee let me goe,
I ſhall doe beſt without thee: I am well.

Enter Philaſter.

Phi. I am to blame to be ſo much in rage,
Ile tell her coolely, when and where, I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In ſpeaking, and as iuſt in hearing.
Oh monſtrous! Tempt me not you gods, good gods
Tempt not a fraile man: what's he, that has a heart,
But he muſt eaſe it here?

Bell. My Lord, helpe, helpe the Princeſſe.

Ara. I am well: forbeare.

Phi. Let me loue lightning, let me be embrac'd
And kiſt by Scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of Baſalisks, rather then truſt the tongues
Of hell-bred women. Some good god looke downe
And ſhrinke theſe veines vp: ſticke me here a ſtone
Laſting to ages, in the memory
Of this damn'd act. Heare me you wicked ones,
You haue put hills of fire into this breaſt,
Not to be quench'd with teares: for which may guilt
Sit on your boſomes; at your meales, and beds,
Diſpaire await you: what, before my face?
Poyſon of Aſpes betweene your lips: Diſeaſes
Be your beſt iſſues: Nature make a curſe,
And throw it on you.

Ara. Deare *Philaſter*, leaue
To be enrag'd, and heare me.

Phi. I haue done:

Forgiue

Forgive my passions: Not the calmed sea,
When *Eolus* locks vp his windy brood,
Is lesse disturb'd then I, Ile make you know it:
Deare *Arethusa*, doe but take this sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you, and this your boy, may liue & raigne
In lust without controwle: Wilt thou *Bellario*?
I prethee kill me: thou art poore, and maist
Nourish ambitious thoughts: when I am dead,
This way were freer. Am I raging now?
If I were mad I should desire to liue,
Sirs, feele my pulse; whether haue you knowne
A man in a more equall tune to die?

Bell. Alas my Lord, your pulse keepes madmans time,
So does your tongue.

Phi. You will not kill me then?

Ara. Kill you?

Bell. Not for the world.

Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario: thou hast done but that, which gods
Would haue transformd themselues to doe: be gone,
Leaue me without reply: this is the last
Of all our meeting. Kill me with this sword;
Be wise, or worse will follow: we are two
Earth cannot beare at once. Resolve to doe,
Or suffer.

Ara. If my fortune be so good, to let me fall
Vpon thy hand, I shall haue peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No Ielousie in the other world, no ill there?

Phi. No.

Ara. Shew me then the way.

Phi. Then guide
My feeble hand, you that haue power to doe it,
For I must performe a peece of Iustice. If your youth
Haue any way offended heaven, let prayers
Short and effectuall reconcile you to it.

Ara. I am prepared. *Exeunt Courtier, follows.*

Coun. I'le see the King, if he be in the forrest, I haue hunted him these two houre: if I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me: I can see nothing but people better horst then my selfe, that out ride me; I can here nothing but shouting. These Kings had need of good braines, this whooping is able to put a meane man out of his wits. There's a Courtier with his sword drawne, by this hand vpon a woman, I thinke.

Phi. Are you at peace?

Ara. With heaven and earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soule and body?

Coun. Hold dastard, strike a woman! th'arrant craven I warrant thee, thou wouldest be loth to play halfe a dozen vpices at wasters with a good fellow for a broken head.

Phi. Leave vs good friend.

Ara. What ill bred man art thou, to intrude thy selfe
Vpon our private sports, our recreations.

Coun. God vds me, I vnderstand you not, but I know the rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Pursue thy owne affaires, it will be ill
To multiply blood vpon my head:
Which thou wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your Rhetoricke, but I can lay it on if you touch the woman. *They fight.*

Phi. Slave, take what thou deserves't.

Ara. Heaven guard my Lord.

Coun. Oh, doe you breath?

Phi. I heare the tread of people: I am hurt,
The gods take part against me, could this Boore
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,
Though I doe loath it. I would finde a course,
To lose it, rather by my will then force. *Exit Philaster.*

Coun. I cannot follow the rogue: I pray thee wench come and kisse me now.

Enter Phara. Dion. Cle. Tras. and Woodmen.

Pha. What art thou?

Coun. Almost kild I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

Pha. The Princesse Gentlemen! Where's the wound Madam? Is it dangerous?

Ara. He has not hurt me.

Coun. I faith she lies, has hurt her in the breast, looke else.

Pha. O sacred spring of innocent blood.

Di. Tis above wonder! who should dare this?

Ara. I felt it not.

Pha. Speake villaine, who has hurt the Princesse?

Coun. Is it the Princesse?

Di. I.

Coun. Then I haue seene something yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

Coun. I told you a rogue, I ne're saw him before, I.

Pha. Madam, who did it?

Ara. Some dishonest wretch; alas I know him not,
And doe forgive him.

Count. Hee's hurt too, he cannot goe farre, I made my fathers old foxe flie about his eares.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?

Ara. Not at all, tis some distracted fellow.

Pha. By this hand, I'le leave never a piece of him bigger then a nut, and bring him all to you in my hat.

Ara. Nay, good sir,
If you doe take him, bring him quicke to me,
And I will study for a punishment,
Great as his fault.

Pha. I will.

Ara. But sweare.

Pha. By all my love I will. Woodman conduct the Princesse to the King, and beare that wounded fellow to dressing. Come Gentlemen, wee'l follow the chase close.

Exit Ara. Pha. Di. Cle. Tra. & 1 Woodman.

Coun. I pray you friend let me see the King.

2 Wood. That you shall, and receive thankes. *Exeunt.*

Coun. If I get cleare of this, Ile goe to see no more gay sights,

Enter Bellario.

Bel. A heavineſſe neare death ſits on my brow,
And I muſt ſleepe: Beare me thou gentle banke,
For ever if thou wilt: you ſweete ones all,
Let me vnworthy preſſe you: I could wiſh
I rather were a Courſe ſtrewd ore with you,
Then quicke aboue you. Dulneſſe ſhuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy: Oh that I could take
So ſound a ſleepe, that I might never wake.

Enter Philaſter.

Phi. I haue done ill, my conſcience calls me falſe:
To ſtrike at her, that would not ſtrike at me:
When I did fight, me thought I heard her pray,
The gods to guard me. She may be abuſde,
And I a loathed villaine: If ſhe be,
She will conceale who hurt her: He has wounds,
And cannot follow, neither knowes he me.
Who's this? *Bellario* ſleeping? If thou beeſt
Guilty, there is no juſtice that thy ſleepe *cry within.*
Should be ſo ſound, and mine, whom thou haſt wrong'd,
So broken: Harke I am purſued: you gods,
Ile take this offerd meanes of my eſcape:
They haue no marke to know me, but my wounds,
If ſhe be true, if falſe, let miſchiefe light
On all the world at once. Sword, print my wounds
Vpon this ſleeping boy; I ha none, I thinke
Are mortall, nor would I lay greater on thee. *wounds him.*

Bel. Oh death I hope is come, bleſt be that hand,
It meant me well: againe, for pities ſake.

Phi. I have caught my ſelfe, *Phi. falls.*
The loſſe of blood hath ſtayed my flight. Here, here
Is he that ſtroke thee: take thy full revenge,
Vſe me, as I did meane thee, worſe then death:
I'le teach thee to revenge: this luckleſſe hand
Wounded the Princeſſe, tell my followers,
Thou didſt receive theſe hurts in ſtaying me,
And I will ſecond thee: Get a reward,

Bel. Fly, fly my Lord, and save your selfe.
Phi. How's this?
Wouldst thou I should be safe?
Bell. Else were it vaine
For me to live. These little wounds I haue,
Ha not bled much, reach me that noble hand,
Ile helpe to cover you.
Phi. Art thou true to me?
Bell. Or let me perish loath'd. Come my good Lord,
Creepe in among those bushes, who does know
But that the gods may save your (much lov'd) breath
Phi. Then I shall die for griefe, if not for this,
That I haue wounded thee: what wilt thou doe?
Bell. Shift for my selfe well; peace, I heare vm comes.
Within. Follow, follow, follow, that way they went.
Bel. With my own wounds Ile bloody my owne sword.
I need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knowes,
That I can stand no longer.
Enter Pharamond, Dion, Clarimond, Trasilus.
Pha. To this place we haue tract him by his blood.
Cle. Yonder, my Lord, creepes one away.
Di. Stay sir, what are you?
Bel. A wretched creature wounded in these woods
By beasts; relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.
Di. This is he my Lord,
Vpon my soule that hurt her; tis the boy,
That wicked boy that serv'd her.
Pha. O thou damn'd in thy creation!
What cause couldst thou shape to hurt the Princesse?
Bel. Then I am betrayed.
Di. Betrayed; no, apprehended.
Bel. I confesse:
Vrge it no more, that big with evill thoughts
I set vpon her, and did make my aime
Her death: For charity let fall at once
The punishment you meane, and doe not load

This weary flesh with tortures.

Pha. I will know who hired thee to this deed?

Bell. Mine owne revenge.

Pha. Revenge, for what?

Bell. It pleasde her to receive
Me as her Page, and when my fortunes ebb'd,
That men strid o're them careless, she did showre
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes, till they overflowed their bankes,
Threatning the men that crost vm: when as swift
As stormes arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes
To burning Sunnes vpon me, and did dry
The streames she had bestowed, leaving me worse,
And more contemn'd then other little brookes,
Because I had beene great: In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die reveng'd.

Pha If tortures can be found,
Long as thy naturall life, resolve to feele
The vtmost rigour.

Philaster creeps out of a bush.

Cle. Helpe to leade him hence.

Phi Turne backe you ravishers of Innocence,
Know ye the price of that you beare away
So rudely?

Pha. Who's that?

Di. Tis the lord *Philaster.*

Phi. Tis not the treasure of all Kings in one,
The wealth of *Tagus*, nor the rockes of pearle,
That paue the Court of *Neptune*, can weigh downe
That vertue. It was I that hurt the Princesse,
Place me, some God, vpon a *Piramis*,
Higher then hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence,
I may discourse vnto the vnder world,
The worth that dwells in him.

Pha. How's this?

Bell. My Lord, some mad

VVeary

VVeary of life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave these vntimely curtesies *Bellario.*

Bell. Alas hee is mad, come will you lead me on.

Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to keep,
And Gods doe punish most, when men doe breake,
He toucht her not. Take heed *Bellario*,
How thou dost drown the vertues thou hast shown
VVith perjury. By all the gods twas I:
You know she stood betwixt me, and my right.

Pha. Thy owne tongue be thy Iudge.

Cle. It was *Philaster.*

Di. Is it not a brave boy?

VVell Sirs, I feare me, we were all deceived.

Phi. Have I no friend here?

Di. Yes.

Phi. Then shew it:
Some good body lend a hand to draw vs neerer.
VVould you have teares shed for you when you dy?
Then lay me gently on his necke, that there
I may weep floods, and breath out my spirit.
Tis not the wealth of *Plutus*, nor the gold
Lockt in the heare of earth, can buy away
This armefull from me, this had bin a ransome
To have redeem'd the great *Augustus Cesar*;
Had he bin taken, you hard hearted men,
More stony then these mountaines, can you see
Such cleare pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh
To stop his life? To bind whose bitter wounds,
Queens ought to tear their haire, & with their tears
Bath vm. Forgive me, thou that art the wealth
Of poore *Philaster.*

Enter King Arethusa, & a guard.

K. Is the villaine taine?

Pha. Sir, here be two,
Confesse the deed, but say it was *Philaster.*

Phi. Question is no more, it was.

K. The fellow that did fight with him will tell vs that.

Ara. Ay me, I know he will.

K. Did not you know him?

Ara. Sir, if it was he, he was disguised.

Phi. I was so, oh my stars! that I should liue still.

K. Thou ambitious foole;
Thou that hast laid a traine for thy owne life;
Now I doe meane to doe, Ile leaue to talke,
Beare him to prison.

Ara. Sir, they did plot together, to take hence
This harmelesse life; should it; a se vnrevengd,
I should to earth goe weeping; grant me then,
(By all the loue a father beares his child)
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures and their deaths.

Di. Death? soft, our law will not reach that, for this faule.

K. Tis granted; take vm to you, with a guard.
Come princely *Pharamond*, this businesse past,
We may with more security, goe on
To your intended match.

Cle. I pray that this action loose not *Philaster* the hearts of the people.

Di. Feare it not, their overwise heads will thinke it but a tricke.

Finis Actus quarti. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Dion, Clermond, and Trasiline.

Tra. Has the King sent for him to death?

Di. Yes but the King must know, tis not in his power to warre with heaven.

Cle. We linger time; the King sent for *Philaster*, and the headsman an houre agoe.

Tra. Are all his wounds well?

Di. All they were but scratches, but the losse of blood made him faint,

Cle. We dally Gentlemen. *Tra.* Away.
Dio. Wee'l skuffle hard before he perish. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philaster, Arathusa, Bellario.

Ara. Nay saith *Philaster*, grieve not, we are well.
Bel. Nay good my Lord forbeare, we are wondrous well.
Phi. Oh *Arathusa*! O *Bellario*! leaue to be kind:
I shall be shot from heaven, as now from earth,
If you continue so; I am a man,
False to a paire of the most trusty ones
That ever earth bore, can it beare vs all?
Forgive and leave me; but the King hath sent
To call me to my death, oh shew it me,
And then forget me: And for thee my boy,
I shall deliver words will mollifie
The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.
Bell. Alas my Lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts: tis not a life,
Tis but a peece of child-hood throwne away:
Should I outliue you, I should then outliue
Vertue and honour: And when that day comes,
If ever I shall close these eyes but once,
May I liue spotted for my perjury,
And wast my limbs to nothing.
Ara. And I (the woful'st maid that euer was,
Forc'e with my hands to bring my Lord to death,)
Do by the honour of a Virgin sweare,
To tell no howres beyond it.
Phi. Make me not hated so.
Ara. Come from this prison, all joyfull to our deaths
Phi. People will teare me when they find you true
To such a wretch as I, I shall die loath'd.
Inioy your Kingdomes peaceably, whilst I
For euer sleepe, forgotten with my faults.
Every just servant, every Maid in love,
Will have a piece of me, if you be true.
Ara. My deare Lord, say not so.
Bell. A piece of you?

He was not borne of women that can cut it
And looke on:
Phi. Take me in teares betwixt you,
For my heart will breake with shame and sorrow.
Ara. Why, tis well.
Bell. Lament no more.
Phi: What would you have done?
If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found
My life no price, compar'd to yours: For love Sirs,
Deale with me truly.
Bel. Twas mistaken, Sir.
Phi. VVhy if it were.
Bel. Then Sir we would have ask'd you pardon.
Phi. And have hope to inioy it?
Ara. Inioy it?I.
Phi. Would you indeed? be plaine.
Bel. VVe would my Lord.
Phi. Forgive me then.
Ara. So, so.
Bel. Tis as it should be now.
Phi. Lead to my death. *Exeunt.*

Enter King. Dion. Clarismond. Trasilin.

Ki. Gentlemen, who saw the Prince?
Cle. So pleale you sir, hee's gone to see the Citty,
And the new platforme, with some Gentlemen
Attending on him.
K. Is the Princesse ready
To bring her prisoner out?
Tra. She waites your Grace.
Ki. Tell her we stay.
Di. King, you may be deceiv'd yet,
The head you aime at cost more setting on
Then to be lost so lightly: If it must off
Like a wild overflow, that soops before him
A golden Stacke, and with it shakes downe Bridges,
Cracks the strong hearts of *Pines*, whose cable roots
Held out a thousand stormes, a thousand thunders,

And

And so made mightier, takes whole villages
Vpon his back, and in the heat of pride,
Charges strong Townes, Towers, Castles, Pallaces,
And layes them desolate: so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruines.

Enter Philaster, Arethusa, Bellario, in a Robe and Garland.

Ki. How now, what Maske is this?

Bel. Right royall sir, I should
Sing you an Epithalamium of these lovers,
But having lost my best ayres with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestiall harpe to strike
This blessed vnion on, thus in glad story
I give you all. These two faire Cedar branches,
The noblest of the Mountaine, where they grew
Straightest and tallest, vnder whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their layers, & slept
Free from the *Sirian Star*, & the fell thunder-stroke,
Free from the Clouds, when they were big with humour,
And deliver in thousand spouts, there issues to the earth:
O there was none but silent quiet there!
Till never pleased Fortune, shot vp shrubs,
Base vnder brambles to divorce these branches,
And for a while they did so, and did raigne
Over the Mountaine, and choake vp his beauty,
With Brakes, rude Thornes and Thistles, til the *Sun*
Scorcht them even to the roots, & dried them there;
And now a gentler gale hath blowne againe,
That made these branches meet and twine together,
Never to be divided: The god that sings
His holy number over marriage beds,
Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand
Your children mighty King, and I have done.

Ki. How, how?

Ara. Sir, if you loue it in plaine truth,
For now there is no masking in't, this Gentleman

The

The Prisoner that you gave me is become
My keeper, and through all, the bitter throwes
Your Ielousies, and his ill fate haue wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he struggled; and at length
Arrived here my deare husband.

K. Your deare husband call in
The Captaine of the Citadell; There you shall keepe
Your wedding: He provide a Masque shall make
Your Himen turne his saffron into a sullen coat,
And sing sad Requiems to your departing soules;
Blood shall put out your Torches, and instead
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton neckes,
An Axe shall hang, like a prodigious Meteor,
Ready to crop your loues sweetes. Heare you gods:
From this time doe I shake all title off,
Of father to this woman, this base woman,
And what there is of vengeance, in a Lion
Chast among dogs, or robd of his deare young,
The same inforce more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me.

Ara. Sir,
By that little life I haue left to sweare by,
There's nothing that can stirre me from my selfe.
VWhat I haue done, I haue done without repentance,
For death can be no Bug-beare vnto me,
So long as *Pharamond* is not my headsman.

Di. Sweet peace vpon thy soule, thou worthy maid
When ere thou dyest; for this time Ile excuse thee,
Or be thy Prologue.

Phi. Sir, let me speake next,
And let my dying words be better with you
Then my dull living actions; if you aime
At the deare life of this sweet Innocent,
Y'are a Tirant, and a savage Monster;
Your memory shall be as foule behind you
As you are living, all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in Marble:

No

No Chronicle shall speake you, though your owne,
But for the shame of men: No Monument
(Though high and big as *Pelion*) shall be able
To cover this base murther, make it rich
With Brasse, with purest Gold, and shining Iasper,
Like the Piramides, lay on Epitaphes,
Such as make great men gods; my little marble
(That only cloaths my ashes, not my faults)
Shall farre outshine it. And for after Issues
Thinke not so madly of the heavenly wisedomes,
That they will giue you more, for your mad rage
To cut off, vnlesse it be some snake, or something
Like your selfe, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember my father King; there was a fault,
But I forgiue it: let that sinne perswade you
To loue this Lady. If you haue a soule,
Thinke, saue her, and be saued: for my selfe,
I haue so long expected this glad houre,
So languishe vnder you, and daily withered,
That by the gods it is a ioy to dy,
I find a recreation in't.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's the King?

K. Here.

Mess. Get you to your strength,
And rescue the Prince *Pharamond* from danger;
He's taken Prisoner by the Citizens,
Fearing the Loss of *Philaster*.

Di. O braue Followers,
Mutiny, my fine deare Countrimen, mutiny,
Now my braue valiant foremen, shew your weapons,
In honour of your Mistresse. *Enter another Messenger.*

Mess. Arme, arme, arme, arme.

K. A thousand Diuels take vs.

Di. A thousand blessings on vs.

Mess. Arme O King, the Citty is in mutiny;
Led by an old gray Ruffin, who comes on

In rescue of the Lord Philaster. *Exit with Dra. Phi. Bellario.*

K. Away to the Cittadell, Ile see them safe.
And then cope with these Burgers: Let the guard
And all the Gentlemen giue strong attendance. *Exit King.*

Manent Dion, Clerimond, Trasiline.

Cle. The Citty vp, this was above our wishes.

Di. I and the marriage too: by my life,
This noble Lady has deceiv'd vs all, a plague vpon my selfe; a thousand plagues, for having such vnworthy thoughts of her deare honour: O I could beat my selfe, or do you beat me, and Ile beat you, for we had all one thought.

Cle. No, no, t will but lose time.

Di. You say true, are your swords sharpe? Well my deare Countrymen, what ye lacke, if you continue and fall not backe vpon the first broken shinne, ile haue you chronicled, and chronicled, and chronicled, and all to be praised & sung in sonnets, and bayled in new braue Ballads, that all tongues shall croule you, *in Secula Seculorum*, my kind Can-carriers.

Tra. VVhat if a toy take vs with her here now, and they runn all away, and cry the Divell take the hindmost.

Di. Then the same Divell take the formost to, & sowse him for his breakfast; if they all prove Cowards, vnyoke, fly among them and be speeding: May they haue Murrens enough to keep the gentlemen at home vnbound in easie freeze: May the Mothes branch their Velvets, and their silkes only be worne before sore eyes. May their false lights vndge vs, and discouer pressed, holes, stains, and oldnesse in their Stuffes, and make them ashamed. May they keepe VVhores and horses, and breake; and live on cold pyes with neckes of Beefe and Turnups: May they haue many children, and none like the Father: May they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their Parcels, vnlesse it be the gastly banne they write in their bonds, and they write thereof false, and lose their debts.

Enter the King.

K. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them: how they swarme together! what a hum they raise! Did'st thou hooke Ayoe wild throats; If a man but need to vse their valours, he must pay a Brokage for it, and then bring vs on, and they will fight like sheep. This

Philaster, none, but *Philaster* must alay this heate. They will not heare me speake, but fling durt at me, and call me Tyrant. Oh run deare friend, and bring the Lord *Philaster* I speake but vaine, call him Prince, doe him all the curtesie you can, commend me to him. Oh my wits, my wits!

Exit Cleremond.

Di. Oh my braue Countrymen! as I liue, I will not buy a pipine out of your Walls for this. Nay, you shall cozen me, and I'le thanke you, and send you Brawne and Bacon, and loose you every long vacation a brace of foremen, that at Michaelmas shall come vp fat and kicking.

Ki. VVhat they will doe with this poore Prince, the gods know, and I feare.

Di. VVhy Sir, shee's sick, and make Church buckettes on a skin to quench rebellion, then cap a liuer in a coffe, and hang him vp for a signe.

Enter Cleremond with Philaster.

Ki. O worthy Sir, forgiue me, doe not make
Your miseries and my faults meete together,
To bring a greater danger, be your selfe,
Still sound amongst diseases, I haue wrong'd you,
And though I find it last, and beaten to it,
Let first your goodnesse know it. Calme the people,
And be what you were borne to: take your loue,
And with her my repentance, all my wishes,
And all my prayers, by the gods my heare speakes this;
And if the least fall from me not perform'd,
May I be strooke with thunder.

Phi. Mighty Sir,
I will not doe your greatnesse so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth; free the Princesse,
And the poore boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad sea breach, which I'le either stay
Or perish with it.

Ki. Let your owne word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leaue, kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royall word: be Kingly,
And be not moued Sir, I shall bring your peace,

In rescue of the Lord *Philaster*. *Exit with Arm. Phi. Bellario.*

K. Away to the Cittadell, Ile see them safe,
And then cope with these Burgers: Let the guard
And all the Gentlemen giue strong attendance *Exit King.*

Manent Dion, Cleremond, Trasiline.

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Di. I and the marriage too: by my life,
This noble Lady has deceiv'd vs all, a plague vpon my selfe; a thousand plagues, for having such vnworthy thoughts of her deare honour: O I could beat my selfe, or do you beat me, and Ile beat you, for we had all one thought.

Cle. No, no, twill but lose time.

Di. You say true, are your swords sharpe? Well my deare Countrymen, what ye lacke, if you continue and fall not backe vpon the first broken shinne, ile haue you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and all to be praised, & sung in sonnets, and bathd in new braue Ballads, that all tongues shall troule you, *in Sæcula Sæculorum*, my kind Can-carriers.

Tra. VWhat if a toy take vm with hooks now, and they runn all away, and cry the Divell take the hindmost.

Di. Then the same Divell take the formost to, & sowse him for his breakfast; if they all prove Cowards, vnty curtes fly among them and be speeding: May they haue Murrens raign to keep the gentlemen at home vnbound in easie freeze: May the Mothes branch their Velvets, and their silkes only be worme before sore eyes: May their false lights vndoe vm, and discover presses, holes, stains, and oldnesse in their Stuffes, and make them shoprid: May they keepe VVhores and horses, and breake; and liue mured vp with neckes of Beefe and Turnups: May they haue many children, and none like the Father: May they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their Parcels, vnlesse it be the goatish Latine they write in their bonds; and may they write that false, and lose their debts.

Enter the King.

K. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them; how they swarme together! what a hum they raise! Divells choake your wild throats; If a man but need to vse their valours, he must pay a Brokage for it, and then bring vm on, and they will fight like sheep, Tis

Phila-

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Di. Oh my braue Countrimen! as I liue, I will not buy a pinnie out of your Walls for this; Nay, you shall cozen me, and I'le thanke you, and send you Brawne and Bacon, and loile you euery long vacation a brace of foremen, that at Michaelmas shall come vp fat and kicking.

Ki. VWhat they will doe with this poore Prince, the gods know, and I feare.

Di. VWhy Sir, shee'l flea him, and make Church Bucketes on's skin to quench rebellion, then clap a liuet in's scoffice, and hang him vp for a signe.

Enter Clarimond with Philaster.

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Your miseries and my faults meete together,
To bring a greater danger. Be your selfe,
Still sound amongst diseases, I haue wrong'd you,
And though I find it last, and beaten to it,
Let first your goodnesse know it. Calme the people,
And be what you were borne to: take your loue,
And with her my repentance, all my wishes,
And all my prayers, by the gods my heart speakes this:
And if the least fall from me not perform'd,
May I be strooke with thunder.

Phi. Mighty Sir,
I will not doe your greatnesse so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth; free the Princesse,
And the poore boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad sea breach, which I'le either turne
Or perish with it.

Ki. Let your owne word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leaue, kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royall word: be Kingly,
And be not moued Sir, I shall bring your peace,

Or never bring my selfe backe.

Ki. All the gods goe with thee. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter an old Captaine and Citizens with Pharamond.

Cap. Come my braue Mirmidons, lets fall on, let our caps
Swarme my boyes, and your nimble tongues forget your mother
Gibberish, of what do you lack, and set your mouths
Vp Children, till your Pallats fall frighted halfe a
Fathome, past the cure of Bay-salt and grose Pepper,
And then cry *Philaster*, braue *Philaster*,
Let *Philaster* be deeper in request, my ding dongs,
My paires of deere Indentures, Kings of Clubs,
Then your cold water Chamblets, or your paintings
Spitted with Copper, let not your hasty Silkes,
Or your branch'd Cloth of Bodkin, or your Tissues,
Dearely belov'd of spiced Cake and Custards,
Your Robin-hoods scarlets and Iohns, tie your affections
In darknesse to your shops, no dainty Duckers,
Vp with your three pil'd spirits, your wrought valours,
And let your vncut Collers make the King feele
The measure of your mightinesse, *Philaster*,
Cry my Rose-nobles, cry.

All. Philaster, Philaster.

Cap. How do you like this my Lord Prince, these are mad boyes,
I tell you, these are things that will not strike their top-sailes
To a Foist. And let a man of warre, an Argosie
Hull, and cry Cockels.

Pha. VVhy you rude slaue, do you know what you doe?

Cap. My pretty Prince of Puppets, we do know
And giue your Greatnesse warning, that you talke
No more such Bugs-words, or that soldred Crowne
Shall be scratch'd with a Musket. Deare Prince Pippen,
Downe with your noble blood, or as I liue,
Ile haue you codled: let him loose my spirits,
Make vs a round Ring with your Bills my Hectors,
And let vs see what this trim man dares doe.
Now sir haue at you; here I lie,
And with this swashing blow, do you sweet Prince,

I could hulke your grace, and hang you vp cruelle-legd,
Like a Hare at a Poulters, and do this with this wipes.

Pha. You will not see me murdred wicked Villaines?

1. *Cit.* Yes indeed will we sir, we haue not seen one foe a great while

Cap. He would haue weapons would he? giue him a broad side my brave boyes with your Pikes, branch me his skin in Flowers like a Sattin, and betweene every Flower a mortall cut, your Royalty shall rauell, jagge him Gentlemen, Ile haue him cut to the kell, then downe the seames, oh for a whip
To make him galoone Laces,
Ile haue a Coach-whip.

Pha. O spare me Gentlemen.

Cap. Hold, hold, the man begins to feare and know himselfe,
He shall for this time onely be seal'd vp
With a Feather through his nose, that he may only see
Heaven, and thinke whither hee's going,
Nay my beyond-Sea sir, we will proclaime you
You would be King.
Thou tender Heire apparant to a Church-ale,
Thou sleight Prince of single scarcenet,
Thou royall Ring-taile, fit to fly at nothing
But poore mens Poultry, and haue every Boy
Beat thee from that too with his Bread and Butter.

Pha. Gods keepe me from these Hell-hounds.

1. *Cit.* Shall's geld him Captaine.

Cap. No, you shall spare his dowcets my dear Donsels
As you respect the Ladies let them flourish;
The curses of a longing woman kills
As speedy as a plague, Boyes.

1. *Cit.* Ile haue a leg that's certaine.

2. *Cit.* Ile haue an arme.

3. *Cit* Ile haue his nose, and at mine owne charge build a Colledge, and clap't vpon the gate.

4. *Cit.* Ile haue his little gut to string a Kit with,
For certainly a royall Gut will sound like silver.

Pha. Would they were in thy Belly, and I past my paine once.

5. *Cit.* Good Captain let me haue his Liver to feed Ferrets.

Cap. VVho will haue parcells else speake.

Pha. Good gods consider me, I shall be torn vp.

1. *Ci.* Captaine Ile giue you a scrimming of your hand sword and let me haue his skin to make false Scabbards.

2. *Ci.* He had no Hornes sir had he?

Cap. No sir, hee's a Pollard: what wouldst thou do with hornes?

2 *Ci.* O if he had had, I would haue made rare Hafts and VVhistles of vm; but his skin bones if they be sound shall serue me.

Enter Philaster.

All. Long liue *Philaster*, the braue Prince *Philaster*.

Phi. I thanke you Gentlemen, but why are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Vncivill trades.

Cap. My royall Rosicleare,
VVe are thy Mirmidons, thy Guard, thy Rorers,
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus doe we clap our musty Murrians on,
And trace the streets in terrour. Is it peace
Thou Mars of men? Is the King sociable,
And bids thee liue? Art thou aboue thy foemen,
And free as *Phabus*? Speake, if not, this stand
Of royall bloud, shall be a broach, a silt, and runne
Even to the lees of honour.

Phi. Hold and be satisfied, I am my selfe,
Free as my thoughts are; by the gods I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the King?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Doe the Lords bow, and the regarded scarlets,
Kisse their gumd gols, and cry we are your seruants?
Is the Court Navigable, and the presence stucke
VVith Flags of friendship? if not, we are thy Castle,
And this man sleepes.

Phi. I am what I doe desire to be, your friend,
I am what I was borne to be, your Prince.

Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you,
You haue a noble soule, forget my name,
And know my misery, set me safe a boord

From

From these wild *Canaballs*, and as I liue,
Ile quite this Land for ever: there is nothing,
Perpetuall prisonment, cold, hunger, sicknesse,
Of all sorts, of all dangers, and altogether
The worst company of the worst men, madnes, age
To be as many Creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do, nay to despaire;
But I would rather make a it new Nature,
And liue with all these then endure one howre
Amongst these wild dogges.

Phi. I do pitty you: Friends discharge your feares,
Deliuer me the Prince, Ile warrant you
I shall be old enough to finde my safety.

3. *Cit.* Good sir take heede he does not hurt you,
Hee's a fierce man I can tell you Sir.

Cap. Prince, by your leaue, ile haue a sursingle,
And make you like a hawke. *He stirres.*

Phi. A way, a way, there no danger in him:
Alas he had rather sleepe to shake his fit off,
Looke you frinds, how gently he leads, vpon my word
Hee's tame enough, he neede no further watching.
Good my frinds go to your howses, and by me haue your pardons, and my loue,
And know there shall be nothing in my power
You may deserue, but you shall haue your wishes.
To giue you more thanks were to flatter you,
Countinue still your loue, and for an earnest
Drinke this.

All. Long maist thou liue braue Prince, braue Prince, braue Prince. *Exit Philaster and Pharamond.*

Cap. Go thy wayes, thou art the King of Curtesie;
Fall of againe my sweete youths, come and euery man
Trace to his house againe, and hang his pewter vp, then to
The Tauerne, and bring your wiues in Muffes, we will haue
Musiicke, and the red grape shall make vs dance, and rise Boyes.

Exeunt

Enter King, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Clerimond, Dion, Trasiline, Bellario, and attendance.

Ki. Is it appeas'd?
Di. Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night,
As peaceable as sleepe, my Lord *Philaster*
Bring, on the Prince himselfe.
Ki. Kind Gentlemen!
I will not breake the least word I haue given
In promise to him, I have heap'd a world
Of griefe vpon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

Enter Philaster and Pharamond.

Cle. My Lord is come.
Ki. My sonne.
Blest be the time that I haue leave to call
Such vertue mine; now thou art in mine armes,
Me thinkes I haue a salve vnto my brest
For all the stings that dwell there, streames of griefe
That I haue wrought thee; and as much of ioy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:
Let them appease thee, take thy right, take her,
She is thy right too, and forget to vrge
My vexed soule with that I did before.
Phi. Sir it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten: For you Prince of *Spaine*,
Whom I haue thus redeem'd, you haue full leaue
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would goe furnish'd to your Realme
With faire provision, I doe see a Lady
Me thinkes would gladly beare you Company:
How like you this peece?
Meg. Sir he likes it well,
For he hath tried it, and found it worth

[His

His princely liking; we were tane a bed,
I know your meaning, I am not the first
That nature taught to seeke a fellow forth
Can shame remaine perpetually in me,
And not in others? or haue Princes salues
To cure ill names that meaner people want

Phi. VVhat meane you?

Meg. You must get another ship
To beare the Princesse and the boy together.

Di. How now?

Meg. Others tooke me, and I tooke her and him,
At that all women may be tane sometimes
Ship vs all foure my Lord, we can indure
VVeather and wind alike.

K. Cleare thou thy selfe, or know not me for father.

Ara. This earth,
How false it is? what meanes is left for me
To cleare my selfe? It lies in your beleefe,
My Lords beleeue me, and let all things else
Struggle together, to dishonour me.

Bel. O stop your eares great King, that I may speak
As freedome would, then I will call this Lady
As base as her actions, heare me sir,
Beleeue your hated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner then this Lady;

Meg. By this good light he beares it handsomly.

Phi. This Lady! I will sooner trust the wind
VVith Feathers, or the troubled Sea with pearle,
Then her with any thing; beleeve her not
VVhy thinke you, if I did beleeue her words,
I would outliue vs: honour cannot take
Revenge on you, then what were to be knowne
But death.

K. Forget her sir, since all is knit
Betweene vs: but I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denied.

Phi. Command what ere it be.

King. Sweare to be true to what you promise.
Phi. By the powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted.
K. Beare away that Boy
To torture, I will haue her cleerd or buried.
Phi. O let me call my word backe, worthy sir
Aske something else, bury my life and right
In one prore graue, but doe not take away
My life and fame at once.
Ki. Away with him, it stands irreuocable.
Phi. Turne all your eyes on me, here stands a man
The falsest and the basest of this world.
Set swords against this breast some honest man,
For I haue liued till I am pitied,
My former deedes were hatefull, but this last
Is pittifull, for I vnwillingly
Haue given the deere preserver of my life
Vnto his torture: is it in the power *Offers to kill*
Of flesh and bloud, to carry this and liue? *himselfe.*
Ara. Deere sir be patient yet: oh stay that hand.
Ki. Sirs, strip that boy.
Di. Come sir, your tender flesh will trie your constancie.
Bel. O kill me Gentlemen.
Di. No, helpe sirs.
Bel. Will you torture me?
Ki. Hast there, why stay you?
Bel: Then I shall not breake my vow,
You know iust Gods, though I discover all.
Ki. Hows that? will he confesse?
Di. Sir, so he sayes.
Ki. Speake then.
Bell. Great King, if you command
This Lord to talke with me alone, my tongue
Vrg'd by my heart, shall vtter all the thoughts
My youth hath knowne, and strange things then these
You heare not often.

Ki. Walke aside with him.
Di. VVhy speak'st thou not?
Bel. Know you this face my Lord?
Di. No.
Bel. Have you not seene it, not the like?
Di. Yes, I haue seene the like, but readily
I know not where.
Bel. I haue bin often told
In Court, of on *Euphrasia*, a Lady
And Daughter to you, betwixt whom and me
(They that would flatter my bad face would sweare)
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be knowne asunder, drest alike.
Di. By heaven and so there is.
Bel. For her faire sake
Who now doth spend the spring time of her life
In holy Pilgrimage, moue to the King,
That I may scape this torture.
Di. But thou speak'st
As like *Euphrasia* as thou dost looke,
How came it to thy knowledge that she liues
In Pilgrimage?
Bel. I know it not my Lord,
But I haue heard it, and doe fearse beleeue it.
Di. Oh my shame, ist possible? Draw neare,
That I may gaze vpon thee, art thou she,
Or else her murderer? where wert thou borne?
Bel. In *Siracusa*.
Di. VVhat's thy name?
Bel. *Euphrasia*.
Di. O tis just, tis she,
Now I doe know thee, oh that thou hadst died,
And I had never seene thee, nor my shame,
How shall I owne thee, that this tongue of mine
Ere call thee Daughter more?
Bel. VVould I had died indeed, I wish it too,
And so must haue done by vow, the passion

VVhat I haue told, but that there was no meanes
To hide it longer: yet I ioy in this,
The Princesse is all cleare. *K.* VVhat hast you done?
Di. All's discovered. *Phi.* VVhy then hold you me,
All is discovered, pray you let me go. *He offers to stab*
K. Stay him. *Ara.* VVhat is discovered? *himselfe.*
Di. VVhy my shame
It is a woman, let her speake the rest.
Phi. How? that againe. *Di.* It is a woman.
Phi. Blest be you powers that favour Innocence.
K. Lay hold vpon that Lady.
Phi. It is a woman *Sir*, harke Gentlemen,
It is a woman. *Arethuse* take
My soule into thy breast, that would be gone
VVith ioy: it is a woman, thou art faire,
And vertuous still, to ages, in dispight of malice.
K. Speake you, where lies his shame?
Bel. I am his Daughter.
Phi. The gods are iust.
Di. I dare accuse none, but before you two,
The vertue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy.
Phi. Take it freely, for I know,
Though what thou didst were vndiscreetly done,
Twas meant well.
Ara. And for me,
I haue a power to pardon sins as ofte
As any man has power to wrong me.
Cle. Noble and worthy.
Phi. But *Bellario*,
(For I must call thee still so) tell me why
Thou didst conceale thy sex; it was a fault,
A fault *Bellario*, though thy other deeds
Of truth out weigh'd it: All these Iealousies
Had flowne to nothing, if thou hadst discovered,
What now we know.
Bel. My father oft would speake

Your worth and vertue, and as I did grow
More and more apprehensiue, I did thirst
To see the man so rais'd, but yet all this
Was but a Mayden longing to be lost,
As soone as found, till sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in Lawne, I saw a god
I thought, (but it was you) enter our gates,
My blood flue out, and backe againe as fast
As I had puft it forth, and sucke it in
Like breath, then was I calld away in haste
To entertaine you. Never was a man
Heav'd from a sheep-coat, to a scepter rais'd,
So high in thoughts as I, you left a kisse
Vpon these Lippes then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever, I did heare you talke
Farre aboue singing, after you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stir'd it so, alas I found it Loue,
Yet farre from Lust, for could I but haue liv'd
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble Father
With a feign'd Pilgrimage, and dres't my selfe
In habit of a Boy, and for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you. And vnderstanding well,
That when I made discovery of my sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a Maid
Could call together, never to be knowne,
VVhilst there was hope to hide me from mens eyes,
For other then I seem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you, then sate I by the Fount
VVhere first you tooke me vp.

Ki. Search out a match
VVithin our Kingdome, where, and when thou will,
And I will pay thy Dowry, and thy selfe
VVill well deserue him.

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Bel. Never sir will I
Mary, it is a thing within my vow.
But if I may have leaue to serue the Princesse,
To see the vertues of her Lord and her,
I shall haue hope to liue.

Ara, I *Philaster*,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a Lady
Drest like a Page to serue you, nor will I
Suspect her living here, come live with me,
Liue free as I doe, she that loves my Lord,
Curst be the wife that hates her.

Phi. I grieue such vertue should be laid in earth
VVithout an Heire: heare me my royall Father,
VVrong not the freedome of our soules so much,
To thinke to take revenge of that base woman,
Her malice cannot hurt vs: set her free
As she was borne, sauing from shame and sinne.

Ki. Set her at liberty, but leaue the Court,
This is no place for such, you *Pharamond*
Shall haue free passage, and a conduct home
VVorthy so great a Prince, when you come there,
Remember twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purpos'd will.

Pha. I doe confesse
Renowned sir.

Ki. Last joyne your hands in one, enioy *Philaster*
This Kingdome which is yours, and after me
What ever I call mine, my blessing on you
All happy houres be at your marriage loyes,
That you may grow your selues ouer all lands,
And like to see your plenteous Branches spring,
Where ever there is Sunne, let Princes learne
By this to rule the passions of their blood,
For what Heauen wills can never be withstood.

Ara. I will pay my duty, and my loue
And I will well deserue her.

FINIS.

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Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.